



# THE NEW YORK EVANGELIST


HENRY M. FIELD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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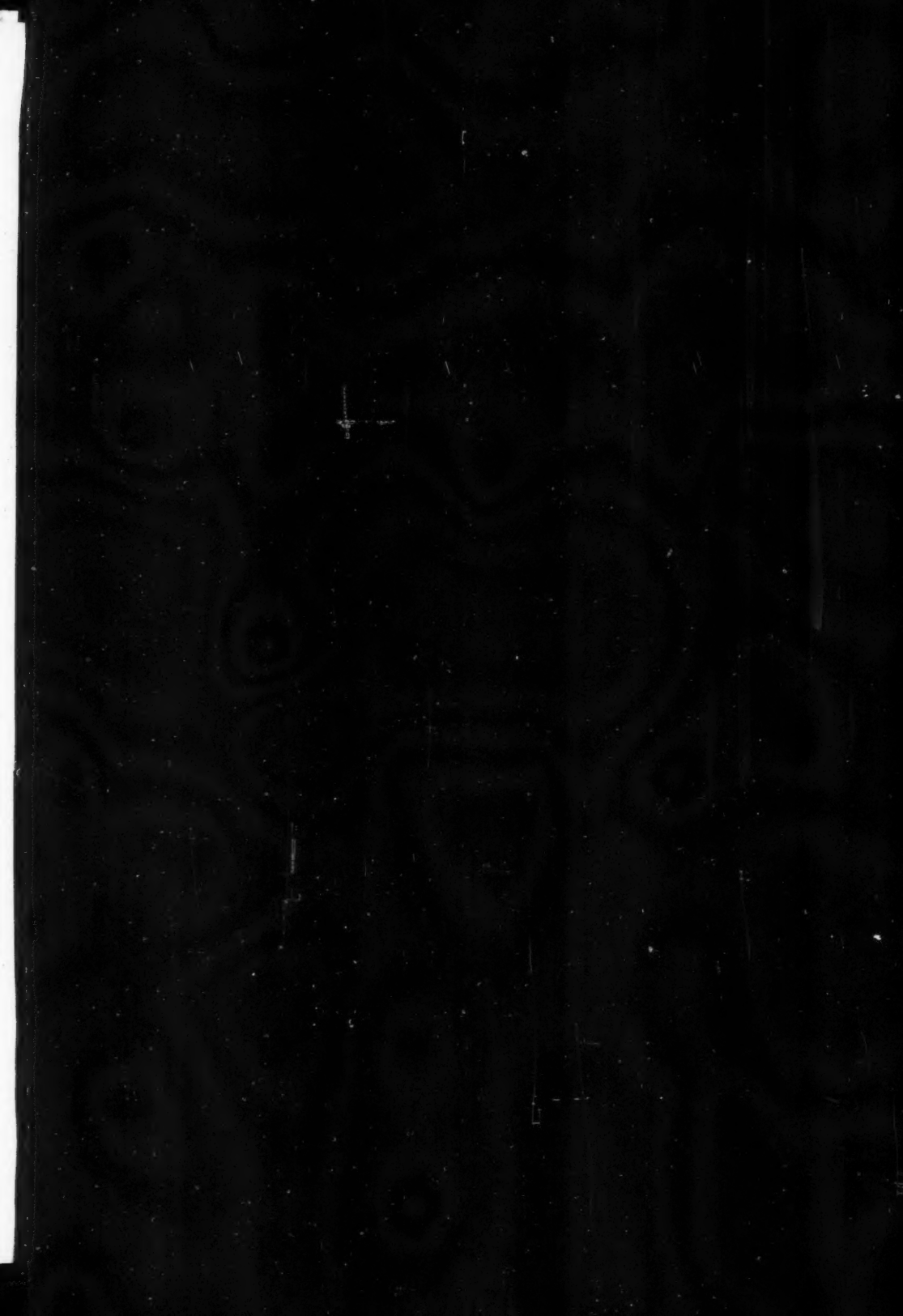
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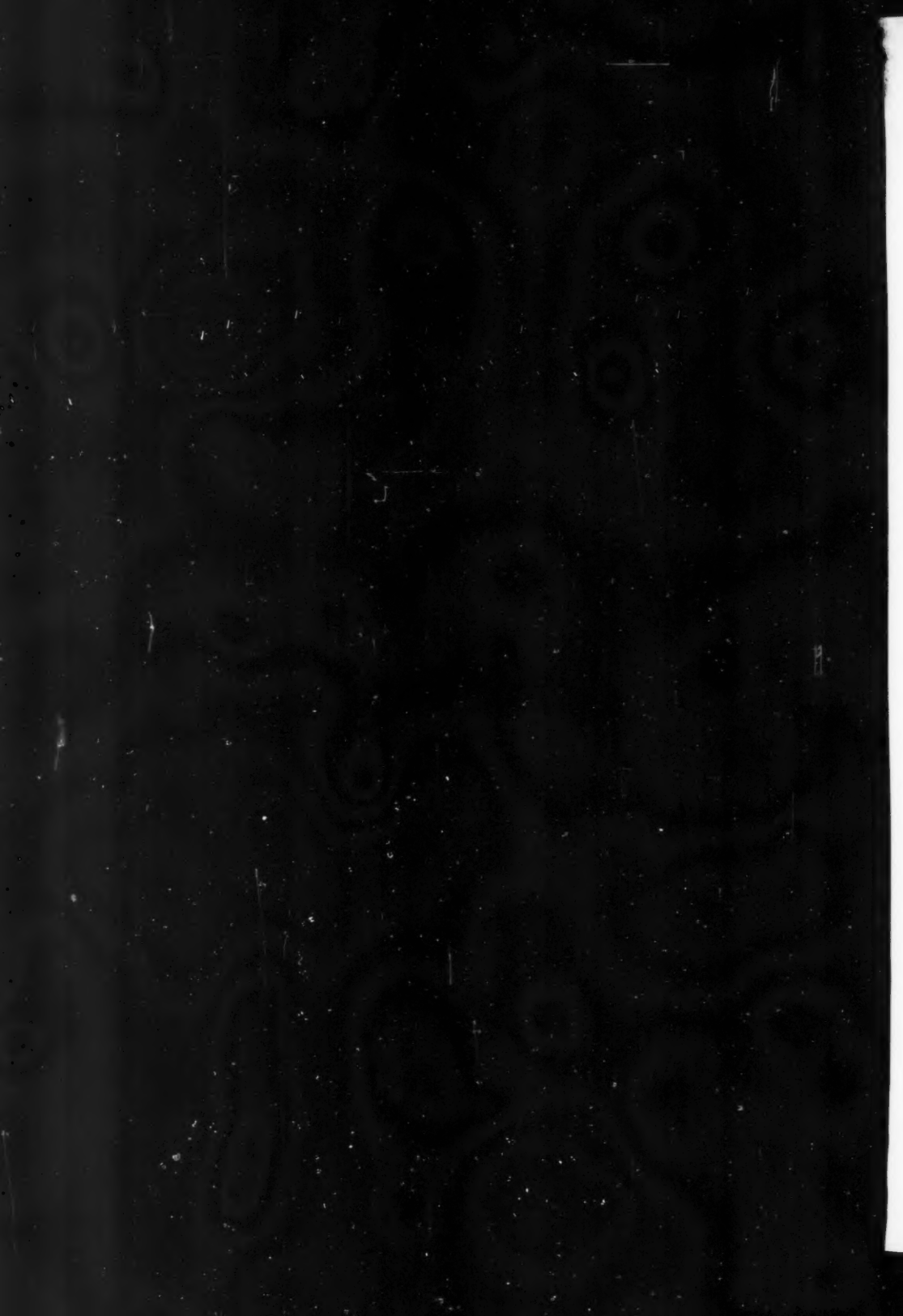
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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Volume LX. }

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## RHINE-SIDE.

By queenly Aix to pretty Bonn —  
And then athwart the river,  
In sheer idlesse we wandered on,  
As fain to stray forever.

With endless shift of light and shade  
Fair cloudland decked the scenery;  
And, rain-refreshed, brown Autumn made  
Herself new Summer greenery.

Anew leapt out the parched rills,  
Anew the dry grass sprouted,  
A second life was on the hills,  
And 'twixt the seasons doubted.

In golden shine the royal Rhine  
His dancing wave uplifted;  
The rafts by Loreley's mountain shrine  
And song-famed reefs were drifted.

The glory fell on wood and dell,  
On ruined shrine and fastness,  
Where the stream-spirit weaves his spell  
Of legendary vastness.

For still with murmur and with roar  
Ran on the storied river,  
As if each robber-haunted shore  
Should haunted be forever.

Once more from his despairing height  
Young Roland on his maiden  
Gazed through the dim and mocking night,  
Bereft and sorrow-laden, —

While o'er the pale and broken nun,  
With love-troth vainly plighted,  
The Dragon Rock frowned sadly down.  
On heart and passion blighted.

Once more the wild marauding bands  
Broke law and fear asunder,  
And wrought their death-work through the  
lands,  
For vengeance or for plunder;

And foreign force and foreign hosts  
Brought sword and fire to pillage  
The restful homes, the peaceful coasts,  
The inle in the village.

The homes are gone — the hosts have passed  
Into the great uncertain;  
The fateful pall is o'er them cast,  
The impenetrable curtain.

The harsh steam-whistle calls and wakes  
Their echoes shrill and lonely;  
The busy traveller, passing, takes  
Note of the moment only.

But, storm or shine, the rushing Rhine  
Flows on — the deathless river,  
Whose harmonies, by grace divine,  
Reverberate forever.

Spectator.

HERMAN MERIVALE.  
Wiesbaden, September 20th.

## ST. LUKE'S SUMMER.

THIS is the summer of St. Luke. The sheaves  
Of the year's harvest now are gathered in;  
The fields lie bare; Autumn the alchemist  
Revels in beauty ere his storms begin.  
Summer is gone, and the slow-falling leaves  
Blot their green memories out in dying gold;  
And morning breaks upon a sea of mist  
From hill to hill across the valley rolled.

It is not autumn, though the year, grown old,  
Sees from their task of joy the flowers de-  
sist.

It is not summer, though her shadow leaves  
On cloudier skies some touch of amethyst.  
Sunlit she seems to linger near, and hold  
Regretful Autumn back from his advance;  
Her waning light the heart still half deceives —  
How willingly — with short-lived radiance.

Forget awhile what birds on alien wings  
Far hence, have left a silence in our woods;  
Forget what flowers have fallen, what still  
must fall;

Nature is dreaming of her happiest moods.  
Our swallows have scarce gone; the robin  
sings.

Sings as if April still were at his heart;  
The last rose hangs upon some sheltered wall  
Renewing June, and still, still loth to part.

Too soon, too soon, alas, the peace that  
broods

O'er sleep and change, must pass away with  
all

That bows to life and death. A moment  
brings

The awakened storms, and in a moment  
fall

These sweet enchantments from our solitudes,  
This golden magic that enthralled our  
glance.

The leafy pageant ends, the woodland rings:  
Autumn awakes, and his grim hosts ad-  
vance.

National Review.

LEONARD HUXLEY.

## THE SPINNING WOMAN.

MORNING and evening, sleep she drove away,  
Old Plathtis, — warding hunger from the  
door,

And still to wheel and distaff hummed her lay  
Hard by the gates of Eld, and bent and  
hoar:

Plying her loom until the dawn was grey,  
The long course of Athene did she tread:  
With withered hand by withered knee she  
spun

Sufficient for the loom of goodly thread,  
Till all her work and all her days were done,  
And in her eightieth year she saw the wave  
Of Acheron, — old Plathtis, — kind and  
brave.

Fortnightly Review.

"Byways of Greek Song."

From The London Quarterly Review.  
THOMAS TWINING.\*

FIFTY years ago the books whose names stand at the head of our paper would have been far less interesting than they now are, because the mode of life that they depict would then have contrasted far less with that which we live in this day of Church congresses, ruri-decanal synods, and general, if not feverish activity, inside as well as outside the Established Church.

The view presented in the first of these volumes of a clergyman of the last century is, be it remembered, limited to one particular aspect of his life. The Twining family have always been fond of music and travelling; and it is as a correspondent of Dr. Burney and as a traveller in many parts of England and Wales, not in the least as parish priest or theologian, that we have to do with the rector of St. Mary's, Colchester. As to his pastoral work, about which not a word is said in all these letters, we willingly accept his brother's testimony that "in the performance of all the duties of a clergyman, particularly of the most important duties of the minister of a parish, he was exemplary. He never lost sight of the behavior which became his position. His unaffected piety, the regularity of all the habits of his life, the suavity of his manners, and the serious and excellent manner in which he performed the services of his church—all these circumstances obtained for him the love and confidence of his parishioners." No one will imagine that Mr. Twining, either at Fordham, of which for many years he had sole charge, or at White Notley and St. Mary's, Colchester, which he held together, felt moved to do for his parishioners what the late Professor Henslow did for his. Few clergymen, even

now, think that they hold their non-theological attainments in trust for their flocks; and while Mr. Twining was preparing material for his well-known translation of Aristotle, or helping Dr. Burney in his disquisition on "that most difficult of all subjects, the music of the ancients," he would feel no qualms of conscience because such work did not help to keep him in touch with his parishioners. For them "he performed the services in a serious and excellent manner"—more than could be said of many of his contemporaries. To place his music at their disposal as completely as Professor Henslow did his botanical lore would have seemed to him as much out of place as to take his choir up to London in days when exhibitions and cheap trips were unknown. What we do get in these letters is the picture of a very lovable man, full of playful humor, so brimming over with geniality that we can well believe his work among his people was, up to his lights, all that a conscientious parson's should have been; and (which is of more general interest) a picture of English travel in the days when "grand old leisure" still ruled as king in country towns and on highways as well as in the quiet out-of-the-way nooks. Moreover, the travels bring us face to face with a cultured Cantab's view of scenery in days when the love of mountains was only gaining ground. Cowper's protest against the unreal way of looking at and talking about nature was only beginning to bear fruit; and Mr. Twining was somewhat before his time when he could delight in passes like Penmaenmawr, "where the pleasure is mixed and awful."

In the first of these volumes, then, we must remember we have not the record of pastoral work, but of the parson's "recreations and studies;" and, read in this light, the book is such pleasant reading, not least because of the constant contrast it affords to our own times, that we are not astonished at the call for an additional volume. This is chiefly made up of letters from abroad, not by Thomas, but by his brother Richard, who travelled in the old approved style with his own carriage and servants, and whose sketches of pre-revolution Germany are lively and inter-

\* 1. *Recreations and Studies of a Country Clergyman of the Eighteenth Century*. Being Selections from the Correspondence of the Rev. THOMAS TWINING, M.A., Translator of *Aristotle's Poetics*, formerly Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Murray. 1882.

2. *Selections from Papers of the Twining Family: A Sequel to "The Recreations and Studies of a Country Clergyman of the Eighteenth Century"*, by the Rev. THOMAS TWINING, sometime Rector of St. Mary's, Colchester." Edited by RICHARD TWINING. Murray. 1887.

esting. He also went about in Wales, and has his own views on Welsh travel. He, too, talks of "the stupendous pass of Penmaenmawr," and asks: "Did you ever roll great stones down precipices? This is just the place to do it; and the vale of Aber is close by, which you should never be guilty of passing."\*

This sequel contains a very brief sketch of the family, so well known, not only in the tea-trade, but also because of the quiet but effectual philanthropic work of one of the daughters. Close to Tewkesbury is a ferry called Twining's Fleet; and Winchcombe Abbey had John Twining for its abbot in the days of Edward IV. and V. and Richard III. "He raised it to the rank of an university," whatever that may mean. At the dissolution, there was a Twining among the monks pensioned off from Tewkesbury Abbey; and in 1651 a Twining helped to hold Evesham against the Parliament. The founder of the modern family was Thomas Twining, who at the beginning of the last century went up to London and settled in St. Giles's Cripple-gate. He was then doubtless connected in some way with the woollen trade, the staple of his country, and we are not told what led him in 1710 to set up a tea-shop in Tom's Coffee House, in Devereux Court, Strand. As a tea-merchant he prospered, and the growing business has gone on on the same site ever since. He soon built Dial House, Twickenham, at which place his son Daniel's son Thomas was put to school, with the view of preparing him for the trade. But the idea made him so unhappy, and his unfitness for the life was so manifest, that he was sent to the Rev. P. Smythies, of Colchester. Here Miss Smythies was his fellow-pupil in Greek and Latin, and, four years after he had been elected fellow of Sidney Sussex College, they were married, and he took the "sole charge" of Fordham. The marriage was in every way happy; "her good sense and cheerfulness rendered her a most excellent companion for my brother," says Richard, Thomas being a believer in

\* Welsh watering-places were very different then from what they are now, and Mr. R. Twining pities the Welsh squires "who leave their big mansions, and for the sake of bathing, submit to be crammed into a mere dog-hole like Abergele."

home rule for wives, and acting out the precept of Tibullus which he wrote in the first leaf of her account-book:—

*Illi sint omnia curae,*

*Et juvet in totâ me nihil esse domo.*

She died in 1796, after twenty-eight years of married life; and the next year he began his "holiday tour in England and Wales."

Letters must always be more lifelike than formal essays; and in that age of letter-writing people did take the trouble to write real letters. Among the Rev. T. Twining's correspondents is Dr. Hey, Cambridge Norrisian professor, to whom he sometimes writes in fairly good French—an accomplishment which has always, we fancy, been rare among fellows of Sidney Sussex. In one of these letters he speaks of a petition signed by a number of clergy to get rid of subscription to the Articles, and to alter the liturgy. Like a good Tory, he speaks very slightly of the project, laughing at the rector of Fordham, who had signed ("Voilà, n'y a-t-il pas là un joli petit réformateur?"), and doubting if the plan will go far enough even to furnish a little amusement "*à nous autres philosophes qui savons imiter la sagesse de Gallio.*" He writes, too, to Dr. Burney, from whom to him there is a long letter about the Gordon riots. Dr. Burney lived in the same street as Justice Hyde, whose house was completely destroyed. The doctor, who had removed his MSS. and valuable books to a friend's house, thinks "the Oliverian and Republican spirit is gone forth, and religion is a mere pretence for subverting the government and destroying the Constitution." In reply, Mr. Twining quotes the old Lucretian "*Suave mari magno*"; explaining that "I haven't tasted a bit more of this sugar than just what self has crammed into my mouth whether I would or no. Write at once and tell me how you all have weathered this horrid storm. Good God! what a scene. For my part I believe I shall never get my hair out of the perpendicular again as long as I live! At this time of day, and in a philosophic enlightened age, as it is called! What punishment is too much for an endeavor to inflame a people with religious animosi-

ties? Especially when that kind of spirit has long been quietly laid, and mankind in general, if left to themselves, have little or no propensity to that most horrible of all vices called zeal (p. 85). . . . If it had not been for the army what would have become of us? It is still inconceivable to me how so much mischief has been done, considering that a small number of armed men, with proper resolution, could I suppose disperse very soon the largest unarmed mob. Now I'll lay you a wager—I beg pardon, I pledge myself—that when the House meets you'll have fine orations against calling in the military, martial law, etc." He laughs at "the civil power," "the power that will be civil to a mob," and hopes (p. 87) that the "examples that have been made and will be made will keep all quiet." "I do think we are the most discontented, ill-humored, black-blooded, unthankful people upon earth, and deserve to be ruled with a rod of iron. In nine out of ten of us our boasted love of liberty is nothing but the hatred of liberty in others and the desire of tyranny for ourselves. Your true Englishman is never so happy as under a bad government. A perfect administration, could the experiment be tried, would dislocate with ennui the jaws of above half of his Majesty's good subjects. Nay, they would make grievances, though an angel were minister and an archangel king. . . . As to toleration, we are children yet; the very word proves it. Religious liberty can never be upon its right footing while that word exists. Tolerate! it is a word of insult. The world, if it last some thousand years longer, will begin perhaps to find out the folly and mischief and inutil-ity of paying any regard to each others' opinions and principles as such; that they have nothing to do but with action and conduct. Here are a parcel of fanatical persecuting Papal Protestants who would treat all the Papists in the kingdom as bad subjects and dangerous men, because they would be so if their conduct was perfectly consistent with the spirit of their religion, or rather what was once the spirit of it. It is curious to reflect, or rather would be if it were not shocking, that if the populace had not been opposed, in all probability

the massacre of Paris would have been acted over again by Protestants in the massacre of London! No; Christianity does not give any sort of encouragement to the cutting one another's throats; but I know this, that the Papist who cuts throats upon religious principle, bad and mistaken as it is, has less to answer for than the Protestant, who does it in direct repugnance to all principle, religious and moral." The above gives those who read between the lines a thorough insight into the writer's character. He is on the level of his age; certainly not above it. To the subject of liberty both he and his brother return in subsequent letters. He, Dr. Hey, and a Yorkshire friend "are in perfect unison that there never can be any peace or quiet in the world till the word liberty is entirely abolished and expunged from all languages. I do really think that no word ever did mankind so much harm."\* Writing on the French Revolution, he wishes the king had escaped at Varennes; but he can't quite believe Louis's asseveration that he did not mean to go out of the kingdom: "it may be consistent with his intention of joining his party, for which purpose he would not have had to do more than go to a fortified place near the frontier. What he says about resisting invasion puzzles me most." The king's death he stigmatizes as "a deed of complicated injustice, cruelty, and folly." "Burke," he thinks, "pushes some things a little too far; yet his book is in the main right, solid, and irrefragable, meant to oppose and disgrace the wild and dangerous principles of modern reformers, revolutionists, and triers of confusion."

\* His remarks about the Treason and Sedition Bills (1795) are characteristic. Their opponents he takes to be "people anxiously wishing to promote general confusion, or people willing to risk such confusion to get into place. Our Bills of Rights, etc., were meant to make us better, *i.e.*, happier. Could our ancestors have foreseen that their descendants would use a part of those rights and liberties to confound all right and liberty, that the best part of the Constitution would be employed to overthrow the Constitution itself; would they have secured to us so many rights and so much liberty? . . . Even in Parliament the doctrine of resistance has been preached; and much ingenuity and industry have been exerted to prevent the bills from answering the end intended, if they should pass. I hope Mr. Pitt will be firm and successful. That way we have some chance; the other we have none."

These specious but false theories of government, he thinks, are due to Locke, "who in his famous treatise sowed the first seeds of this madness." Of the charge against Marie Antoinette he remarks: "Her real character I do not know; nor can we say what is or is not possible to the corruption of human nature; but will any man in his senses believe this story upon the faith of the unprincipled and murderous villains from whom we have it? It is too shocking to talk of." He is indignant that Whig magnates should be the avowed correspondents of men like Brissot: "the Tower opens its gates wide for some of these corresponding lords and gentlemen." Yet he strongly deprecates the idea of going to war, "because we are angry." He can't imagine the French had any design to attack us. His consolation he finds in the thought that "our rulers know more than we know. But then, I ask myself again and again, and am at a loss for an answer, 'If they do know more than has yet appeared, is it not natural to suppose they would produce these stronger reasons for their own justification?'" Meanwhile he preaches for the French priests, getting twenty guineas, "the best collection in Colchester," and the closing passage in his sermon may be quoted as an instance of his style at its best: "Lastly, let us in the true spirit of Christianity, recommend, not ourselves only, but even our enemies also, to the merciful protection of that Almighty Being who judgeth among the nations; who alone can hide us from the gathering together of the froward and from the insurrection of evil-doers; who stilleth the raging of the sea, and what is still more calamitous in its effects, and almost as much beyond human power to set bounds to—the madness of the people." His pity—"Oh, poor France! and poor king of France! what shall we say to them now?"—does not hinder him from enjoying his autumn holiday. In 1792 he took Mrs. Twining a driving tour by way of Matlock for a third visit to Yorkshire. Their first route had been by Huntingdon, where they slept. Next day dined at Stamford; but, as it rained, left Burleigh for the return, and slept at Colsterworth, and admired Grantham spire, "as new-looking as if it was kept all the week in a band-box."

It is delightful to note how each time he finds fresh beauties in this part of the West Riding. Round Todmorden, "the wild tumbled ground, a perpetual wave of smaller hills, where nature seems to have

abhorred a level as much as according to some she abhors a vacuum, and where cottages are perched about in the most romantic and improbable situations, more like stone nests than houses," throws him into ecstasies. Coming down from Huddersfield into Ealand, "the little falls in the river producing a perpetual rustle of water, and the effects varying at every bend of the road, a little gleam of sunshine, through an opening cloud at the extremity of a long vale on the left, came stealing along, till by degrees the whole valley and the town were illuminated, part of the surrounding hills still remaining in shade and forming a sort of black frame to this bright picture. I never felt anything so fine. I shall remember it and thank God for it as long as I live. I am sorry I did not think to say grace after it." Round Huddersfield and Thornhill Edge, more and steeper hills, but the whole way if possible more beautiful, though in rather a different style. Then by way of Bank Top to Sheffield ("Sootland; I never saw so black a place"). Then eighteen miles to Worksop before breakfast; this was his usual plan, but it did not always answer. In the present instance "the road was so execrable that we were tired, sick, and discouraged, and had not spirit even to go through the parks. But to say the truth the great scenes of nature that I had been seeing left me very indifferent about houses and parks, and even in a great measure about pictures." And so they saw nothing of "the Dukeries" and Sherwood Forest; and, finding that "Nottinghamshire has few natural beauties," they got back to Newark, and this time did not miss Burleigh. Soon after his return he ejaculates: "Oh! this green trencher of a country called Essex, where we think it a sublime thing to look over one hedge and see another. Well, thank God, it is not Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, nor Huntingdon." On this first visit, too, he liked the Yorkshire people as much as he did their scenery: "I find whether we stay an hour or a month with them they are never incommoded. I envy them their style of easy hospitality still more than their prospects or their coals." On his second visit he saw Studley and other show places round Harrogate; but what struck him most was a bit of the Calder Valley, where, "over Hepton (now Hebden) Bridge, on the top of a monstrous hill, is perched the town of Heptonstall, the road up to it having the appearance of an absolute perpendicular." The third journey was made by way of Dunstable,



Northampton, Bitterswell, where he and Mrs. Twining made a long stay with Mr. Powell, "the Pastor and his Pastorella," getting a good deal of music (of course he had his fiddle with him). Here he noted the difference, which must have been striking in the England of that day, between an enclosed, and therefore "clothed," village like Claybrook, and Bitterswell, which, being unenclosed, was "as bare as if some demon had brushed away all the hedges, trees, and plantations with his great elbow." Herein our country still contrasts disadvantageously with some parts of the Continent; public spirit in western Germany, for instance, has here and there planted almost every "commune" with trees, the timber and fruit of which not only help to pay the rates but in many cases yield a surplus. In England there were but few instances of planting until by enclosure the land had become private property. It is strange to find not a word about the Northamptonshire churches, with their broach-spires and long chancels. The county contains two Eleanor Crosses, and several specimens of that "long and short" building which is set down as "Saxon;" but of these Mr. Twining is silent, as he is of the curious churches in Northampton itself. His verdict simply is: "The town likes me well; we breakfasted there and walked about. 'Tis one of the neatest and handsomest I ever saw. Went to the new hospital." From Northampton, by way of Leicester and Derby, to Matlock, of which he says to his brother: "You know it; so I am happily released from attempting description that describes nothing." Yet he tells him how he and his wife scaled the Heights of Abraham. "It was bold for Mrs. Twining at least; but, thank God, she was quite 'bonny, and we actually performed the feat. I am a stranger to mountains, and never yet seemed so ballooned and above the globe as in ascending this great hill, for your mountaineers, I suppose, will allow it no other name. If it is not sublime from its height, it is, however, from its steepness. . . . We were at Saxton's, not Mason's. You know my maxim of preferring secondary houses to first. Everybody goes to Mason's; now, everybody is a body that I never wish to meet. . . . Surround me with 'good company,' a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, and Matlock itself becomes worse than Hockley-in-the-Hole. But when you view these things in quiet, nothing so soothes a sorrowing mind, nothing so conduces to perfect complacency, and therefore to be-

nevolence." Elsewhere he speaks of "one of the greatest comforts of travelling, the being known to nobody," and declines an introduction to some one at Nottingham, "unless there is anything curious there which could not possibly be got at without his help." When he got back his horses seemed "much better for the business they had done. Mrs. T., too, is jollified, and wholesomely embrowned." What a picture all this gives of England as it was; what a contrast between Matlock with its two hotels and the Heights of Abraham, a climb a little less noteworthy than one of the minor Alps is now, and the Matlock into which trip trains disgorge their crowds, while the said Heights are thronged, and the fern-caves are littered with sandwich papers and corks and broken bottles! While we are on the subject of scenery, it will be well to pass over several years, and to see what our writer says of that Wales of which he had so often talked, and which his brother had seen some years before. There an eye *blasé* of Yorkshire dales and moors and "edges," might well hope for something startling. "I am tired," he says, when chaffing his brother about the likeness of Continental scenery to that which he had seen at home, "of this little variety of combination where the materials are the same. Give me a country where the trees grow bottom upwards, or where men converse by blowing their noses in different tones, or express violent grief by a horse laugh, and cry when they are merry." He went to Wales to see his friend Mr. Hughes, of Llanvorog, near Ruthin, in 1797, the year after his wife's death, of which event, by the way, the letters do not contain a single word, so carefully have purely domestic matters been excluded in the selection. The hills near Llangollen were the steepest he had ever encountered; his servant's horse, which had light web-traces fastened to it for the purpose, was every now and then fastened to the chaise-shafts. He at once plunges into Welsh legends — his landlady telling him about Corwena and the two giant brothers, "whose story is very fine in the Welsh" — and into Welsh consonant-changes, noting how *Voel Vama* is, by what rule he cannot learn, altered from *Moel Mama*. He hears a sermon in Welsh, and is "much gratified at the sound of the venerable language; it was not at all harsh or uncouth to my ear; the gutturals were soft, *dérobés*, and inoffensive." After twelve days of "charming little excursions," he and the Hugheses

and some other friends set off on a driving and riding expedition. He has with him his nephew Daniel, and at the second stage meets brother Richard and his son. Llanrwst strikes him as "like Matlock on a far grander scale;" but his complaint that the bleak, barren hills make the drive dreary and comfortless shows that he was not fully alive to the charms of wild scenery. The waterfalls delight him immensely. He sits close by, "the noise seeming to grow louder and louder, and the water more and more angry. There is something very fine in the sensation of being perfectly safe while death is staring you in the face within an inch of your nose. It is sweet to sit and see others in danger while you are safe, but it is sweeter to see the danger that nobody is in so near as to give you the feel of being in it yourself, while this imaginary and voluntary terror is immediately turned into pleasure by the consciousness of perfect safety. Even a Twining may face danger in this manner" (he was always twitting the family with being altogether unheroic, as where he says he had to fight his way through his classics at college *proprio Marte*, "the only sort of Mars that a Twining is constructed to have anything to do with").\*

This tour took eleven days, and it is curious in these railroad times to note our author's lament over the hurry — "to have seen all comfortably, sufficiently, and quietly would have required three weeks or a month." "Intemperance in sight-seeing" he takes to be as great a mistake as intemperance in other things; but then he was soon satisfied; "all entertainments are too long for me. Music has been, and is, one of the greatest charms of my life, and nothing has fatigued me oftener." At Conway he hears a good harper, having at other places been "pestered with modern tunes, ill-played upon a harsh, noisy instrument. The playing affected me even to tears; it would not at all have this effect on me in England." Near Bethgelert he is delighted at coming upon a lovely valley, "of which we have never heard before." And then follows a diatribe against "Sir Tasteless Seall, and tourists who travel with a catalogue in their pockets of things to be seen." Back at Llanvorog, he enjoys "the luxury of

being quiet; of sitting still and letting pleasure come to one instead of having to run after it. Some philosophers make the happiness of Heaven consist in 'sitting still and wanting nothing, motion implying imperfection.' However, in a day or two I found myself as human and imperfect and as ready to encounter the inconvenience of travelling for the sake of its pleasures as I ever was." In all this tour, in which he notices the old-world look of the Welsh shops, "though Shrewsbury is so near at hand," and puts in a protest against Milton's "trim gardens," preferring the wilder grounds of the Welsh parsonages, he says not a word about the spiritual state of the people, their feelings towards the Established Church, etc. One must not decry as superficial what was never meant to be anything else; but it is certainly strange that in the intimacy of correspondence with a brother we do not find a word about the inner life of the people. Even brother Richard is less reticent on this point. He remarks, for instance, that intemperance is out of fashion in Wales; "they warned me not to take a second glass of ale, adding, 'It's stronger than you think.'" He notices that "Parson Evans spoke English with the whine of his native language." He "reads Mason's 'Caractacus' in Mona amid scenery which belied the poem." Richard's journey home was not at all in his brother's leisurely style. He drove back to Isleworth without stopping, except to change horses, thirty-five hours on end; "felt the first hundred miles very much, but got strong as I went on." Thomas, travelling slowly as usual, got to Lichfield, and, hearing his old friend Archdeacon Eger-ton Leigh was in residence, he determined to play him a trick, which is best described in his own words: "As soon as I had dined, I called and refused to send in my name. He came to me into the passage, peering and scowling at me with his hand over his eyes, as much as to say, 'What can the fellow want?' I made him a sneaking bow. 'Sir, I hope no offence, sir. Knowing the benevolence of your character, and your generous disposition, I take the liberty to wait upon you. I am a clergyman, sir, and in distress, as you may see, sir, by my coat.' 'Oh, sir, indeed I can't. I have many such applications as this; but I know nothing of you, and I never attend—I make it a rule —' 'Sir, excuse me, but knowing your character for learning, and particularly, sir, your skill in the Greek language —' 'Oh, sir, that is all — I

\* It is hardly fair to stigmatize as cowardice his hasty chaise journey to Cambridge in November, 1803, on the alarm of a French invasion. His nephew Daniel was in residence, and so the widower needed little extra inducement for what became a very pleasant visit, described in two very pleasant letters.

know nothing of the matter —' 'I thought I might take the liberty to solicit your encouragement for a little [pulling papers out of my pocket] treatise I have written, sir; the title of it, sir, is *ri tati ooi robvova*;' [referring to a circumstance of our college life which I took it for granted would open his eyes]. He replied: 'No, sir, indeed, I can't say anything to it. You must excuse me.' 'Sir, I am very sorry. I thought that as I once had the pleasure of knowing you —' 'Knowing me, sir? Indeed I don't know you.' I then smiled, said nothing, but held out my hand. He would not take it, but shrunk back, and declared he had not the least knowledge of me. Then at last, 'What!' quoth I, 'don't you know Twining?' 'I shall never forget his change of countenance. Nothing could answer better than my trick; it was a fine dramatic *ἀγανρόπιστος*.' The inscription on Garrick's monument in Lichfield Cathedral he strongly objects to, because "it commemorates his dramatic powers. . . . When a man's good qualities are enumerated on his tomb it must always be understood as saying, 'As he was a good man, we hope he has gone to heaven;' but the idea of his being the more likely to go to heaven for his dramatic powers is perfectly absurd." For Garrick he professes the profoundest admiration; but in 1782 he tells his brother that he has not read a word about Mrs. Siddons, and is sick of the cant of theatrical criticism. Richard is freer in giving his opinion; thinks that "Kemble will improve as Hamlet. He did badly his 'angels and ministers of grace' — was too labored and mouthy. But the closet scene was exquisite, and so was that where he enjoins secrecy on the players." This Richard was an active man of business — added to his other cares the duties of East India director; Thomas often laughingly scolds him for working too hard — "it is not for the good of the family that your life should be shortened." He also frequently helps him in his Latin. Richard at sixteen was taken from Eton to manage the Strand shop for his widowed mother. He brought with him an intense love of classics; used to send Thomas Virgil translations to be corrected. Heyne's notes, "ten times harder than anything in Cicero," he found troublesome; but Thomas recommended them as "good, useful, rough exercise." His own love of quiet he often contrasts with Richard's "love of a bustle." He quizzes him for studying not classics only but Warton, "which I think would be too

much for me," and a black-letter Chaucer. "What a painstaking, thorough-paced, thorough-stitched man you are when you set about anything! I never read a black-lettered book in my life. And then, you've read all Juvenal and all Quintilian." Despite his quizzing, he had an unlimited admiration for the head of the house. In one of his last letters he says, with an unusual display of feeling: "As to your earnestness in whatever active part you do take, I heartily wish every part of your constitution were as good as that. . . . Keep your heart where it is and what it is. And whenever it pushes you into a crowd don't be ashamed of it, but go on, and look back with a smile of pity upon us idle fellows gaping and stretching on our beds of roses." This brother's foreign tour was begun in August, 1781. The party took boat at Margate for Ostend; thence by barque to Bruges, where Richard talks much of the supposed Michael Angelo Virgin and Child, "said to have been captured" (others say shipwrecked) "on its way to Engiand. Lord Leicester" (it was really Horace Walpole) "offered £4,000 for it." He also mentions the bronze-gilt tombs of Charles the Bold and his daughter Mary, and the burial place of Van Eyck; but he does not seem even to have heard of the wonderful paintings of Hans Memling in the Hospital of St. John, nor at Ghent does he say a word about Van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb." At Tongres he turns to his Cæsar, and talks of Atuatuca. Liège was then under the mild rule of the prince bishops, which, despite many bloody revolutions, lasted till 1794. The place was a paradise of priests; "the bishopric is a grand piece of preferment, £25,000 a year. The bishop is chosen out of their own body by the seventy Trefoniers (canons of St. Lambert), who must all be of noble birth, with ever so many quarterings." Stavelot, near Spa, belongs far more than Liège to the old order of things. The very memory of its prior, who kept a dozen soldiers (the Liège army was one thousand), and who (says Richard) "ranked higher than the prince bishop, though he need not be of noble birth," has passed away. Neither he, nor the Coo Cascade into which the crowd of beggars used to fling dogs to amuse the tourists, are even mentioned in Murray. At Spa Richard found that the ladies all paint, and sit their horses astraddle; and at balls frizzle their hair and use brown powder. It is not an edifying society. The most striking figure is the baron De Haindel, from Strasburg, who

wears diamond and amethyst buttons on his absurdly fashioned coat, has a Circassian mistress, and servants who show their dignity by wearing three watches, and who drives and rides up and down the crowded streets at full speed. Then there is the apostolic nuncio, "fat, with sinister eyes, always laughing, and playing cards morning, noon, and night." A public breakfast, given by Prince Henry of Prussia, atoned to Richard Twining for the undesirableness of much of the company. He also talked over with Major Parsons the early scenes of the American War, hearing how, on the eighteen days' march to Bunker's Hill, the men went mad with the heat, being forced to travel by day for fear of ambushes. One lady, Richard, who has a penchant for pretty women, goes into raptures about, the daughter of the grand duke of Hesse Darmstadt: "She has one of the most dangerous dimples I ever saw. If the Prince of Wales would make her a good husband, I wish he would marry her. If he was not to prove good to her, I'd never swear allegiance to him." At Cologne he goes to see nothing but the ugly Rubens representing Peter crucified head downwards. But he begins at once to admire the Rhine; on which, when he has seen it at St. Goar, his verdict is: "I never saw anything so fine. The Rhine will become the chief object of my affections, though the tolls counteract the benevolent intentions of nature." At Hanau not a word about Barbarossa, but a good deal about an innkeeper, who, having come in for a fortune, prefers keeping on the paternal inn because it gives him a lot of company, "the worthy among whom he solemnly salutes on both cheeks." He is astonished that the Rhineland peasants offered grapes "and expected no *douceur*;" he is yet more astonished at the waltz which he sees danced at Frankfort after dinner (two o'clock): "You'd think they were going to wrestle." At Frankfort, too, he sees a ballet, "the sort of thing which is ruining the singing in operas." At Antwerp, which was then "a Marquisate of the Holy Roman Empire," the emperor was trying to get up an East Indian Company, "which I fear may be prejudicial to us by stocking that market to which our smugglers resort." So it proved, till Pitt's Commutation Act changed the cent. per cent. duty on tea for a window tax, plus an *ad valorem* tea duty of from 2½*d.* to 6½*d.* a pound. This ruined the Dutch smugglers, and enabled the Twinings "to drive a roaring trade," which got so firmly

established that it was not shaken when, by-and-by, the tax came to be replaced, owing to the great expenses of the war, and lasted till free trade was forced upon the Chinese. He had a peep at Heyne, "who began life as a weaver, and till he was twenty-nine knew not Virgil even by name." The great man, to whom he promised a copy of his brother's "Aristotle"—a gift which called forth the ponderous Latin letter published in vol. i.—was at Göttingen, lecturing in German about ancient painting to only ten students! Like a good brother, he boasts of the "Aristotle," and begs Heyne to speak well of it, and thinks he has induced him to do so, "for men are biassed, if ever so impartial, by such courtesy." At Hanover he had the pleasure of seeing a good deal of the Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge: "Is not it a fine thing to have a young prince with a star hanging on to your arm?" The princes are remarkably courteous, giving due honor to the house of Twining. Mrs. Twining is shown the library and the "prancing creams," and she and her husband dine (at 2 P. M.) with the princes, "all being quiet and methodical, not like the English hurry." Here they meet Professor Schlöger's daughter, who had anticipated these modern days by being a Ph.D., passing in anatomy, natural philosophy, music, and eight languages, and being, moreover, an adept in dressmaking. Nor does he neglect scenery. Here is what he says of the neighborhood of Spa: "It seems as if nature, apprehensive that her character might suffer from the insipidity of Flanders, was determined to give here an ample proof of her creative powers. Mountains are seen on every side varying in shape and feature. . . . Narrow valleys and deep glens may be discovered from many points; and the cheerful town of Spa is often a most pleasing addition to the scene. . . . Not far off a part of the mountain boldly thrusts itself forward and affords a most noble prospect. . . . In fact, the principal produce of the ecclesiastical prince of Stavelot, whose territory we soon enter on our way to the Cascade of Coö, appears to be prospects" (vol. ii., p. 30).

At Spa he just missed, to his great regret, meeting the emperor (son of Maria Theresa), about whom he cannot resist telling the following story: "While he was there the Duchess of Chandos recommended him to marry, and advised the princess royal of England. 'Too young,' said the emperor. 'Oh! not at all; I'm

many years younger than the duke, and yet we live very happily together.' 'Different religions!' 'Nowadays nobody attends to religion in matters of that sort.' The emperor smiled." After seeing the Jews' quarter at Frankfort he reflects: "Strange that so numerous a people (as the Jews), many of them residing in the most polished parts of Europe, should neither enjoy an equality with their fellow-creatures nor have to all appearance the most distant prospect of acquiring it. . . . Such of them as have had the benefit of a liberal education (he may mean Moses Mendelssohn, who died a few years before) have in general reaped full advantage from it."

Love of scenery and travelling were, however, in this family, not confined to one generation. In 1834 Richard the second is at Hanover, and has a long talk with the viceroy, the very Duke of Cambridge by whom his father had been hospitably received nearly half a century before. His letters to Richard the third, the compiler of these volumes, giving him the whole course of his travels abroad, form the pleasantest part of the "Sequel." The volume is made up with a letter or two from Thomas, son of the eldest Richard, a "writer" in the East India Company's service, who in 1794 "interviews the Great Mogul in his glory." There is also a letter from Preston, son of a Westmoreland innkeeper who had entertained the Pretender on his way to Derby. For thirty years he had been bookkeeper to the Twinings; and, "indifferent to holidays, caring little for amusements, not grumbling at long hours despite the smallness of his salary, he found his sole relaxation in the Westmoreland Society, and his comfort in putting his savings into short annuities for himself and his sister." After his retirement he was for some time worried with the fear that the annuities would cease before the lives had dropped. The firm set him at ease on this point; and then he lived cheerily on in his native air till fourscore years and ten. His account of his journey to Westmoreland, *via* Bath and Bristol, partly by mail, partly by post, shows more clearly than even the Twining letters do, the very different conditions of travel at the end of the last century.

Besides this, the volume contains some of Thomas's Latin poems, of which he was proud, and yet more of his apologies for that inertness which is contrasted with his brother's activity. His brother's letters he calls "letterlings;" and says,

"Why I write seldom is not because the intention is hard, but the obligation. I will not be forced to write; but when I write I write."

Richard, active in travels as in all things, made (his grandson tells us) twelve tours, going on horseback with saddlebags etc., till he married, when he set up a phaeton and a pair of ponies. His son made eight, going through France as far as Chartres when he was eighty.

Richard reciprocated in equal measure the affection of his clergyman brother. He worries himself about the preface to the "Aristotle," and whether "abilities and utility" is too great a jingle. He shares his brother's feelings about France: "I can't comprehend what those French liberty boys are about." He enjoys an evening during which Mason and Bishop Hurd were "snubbing and snapping at each other;" and he records with manifest zest a saying or two of "the ponderous Dr. Parr:" "The name of Twining has long been endeared to my mind by the intellectual and moral excellences of the persons to whom it belonged;" and "I should like to bear a direct and luminous testimony to the transcendent merits of your brother's 'Aristotle.'"

There is little more to tell. Both brothers had in their quiet way a great affection for their mother; both were fond of a joke. Thus Parson Thomas, in a letter of advice to his nephew at college, says: "It is a wide and common field, the fences now (I fear) almost all thrown down, and even while they remained they were easily climbed over. To stand firmly a man must have the *murus aeneus* in his own heart; and so as much brass in your inside, and as little in your face (my dear) as you please. I think in college it used to be the fashion in my time to wear it chiefly upon the face." And when Richard tells him he saw their crest on the chariot of a Pembrokehire gentleman named Twinning, he replies: "I see now what it is in my blood that makes me so immoderately fond of toasted cheese, and onions which are akin to leeks." His fun reminds us of Cowper's in his lighter moods. He and Dr. Burney, chatting in letters, discussing whether the dialogues in the Greek plays were not sung in recitative, and whether in a song the words should or should not be distinct, and the relative merits of the harpsichord and the newly introduced piano, are always amusing. Thomas Twining gets from the doctor all the gossip about Dr. Johnson's death—how Sir J. Hawkins would not



have a public funeral, because it would cost a little more, "a few pounds to the prebendaries, and about ninety pairs of gloves to the choir, etc.;" and "because Dr. Johnson had no music in him." He attacks Johnson for "seeing no promise in Milton's juvenile poems, and feeling no beauties in Mr. Gray's odes." For Gray he has a Cambridge man's enthusiasm, and "cannot understand how any one not utterly bovine and prejudiced should scout Gray's 'Bard,' and yet pronounce Dryden's 'Ode on the Death of Anne Killigrew' to be the noblest in our language." Pope's "Homer," he is sure, Johnson overrates; yet Cowper's "Homer" he pronounces "sometimes flat, queer, and dry. Pope has risen with me since I began to compare the two." One is glad to find him praising Milton's prose. Of the passage on liberty in the "Areopagitica," he says: "Read this whole tirade aloud, it is something beyond writing. I had it once by heart, and I remember spouting it abroad in Twickenham Park to my father and Sir J. Hawkins." Lord Chesterfield he duly detests: "What pages of trite trifling stuff for now and then a little wit! And his immoral advice one may dislike, not as *homme de Dieu*, but as *homme d'homme*."

Among the very few hints of his religious feeling, is his agreeing with Bishop Butler, that "prayer is a dutiful direction of the mind to God as present." Of his relations to his flock, there is next to nothing. Here is the account of a tithe dinner: "I rode to Notley to dine with some four-and-twenty farmers, for which I made them pay me £100. It was fairly worth the money." We have already noticed his superficiality; to this must be added a want of insight. He advises his brother (in August, 1786) to see the Bastille, without a suspicion of the fate which was in store for that building; neither has the brother, at Pau or elsewhere, any inkling how near at hand is the break-up of the society which so disgusted him; yet he has a John Bull's desire to see the French fleet well thrashed. The same feeling which drew his mind towards mountain scenery, led him to admire Percy's "Reliques"; "Balow, my babe," he sets far above Simonides's "Danae." And it also made him certain that Chatterton did not wholly invent the Rowley poems, but "found some old fragments which gave him ideas. . . . I find them full of genius, with touches here and there that Mr. Gray would not have been ashamed of." Addison, on the other hand, he holds to be an

indifferent poet, and destitute of that philosophic turn which is necessary to the best criticism—a popular critic "with a lamentable shallowness, which is seen when we have read Locke, Hume, Helvetius, etc." Pindar ("not Peter") he holds to be "very unequal, often very tiresome, very obscure, and, to us moderns, very uninteresting."

Enough has been said to enable us to form a tolerable idea of the Fordham and Colchester life, with the quiet domesticity, the musical parties, and the eager, if partial, interest in the great outside world. People sneer at the "deadness" of the Georgian age; and certainly there are in these volumes very few signs of spirituality. But what the Bishop of Southwell said not long ago about the disadvantages, moral and intellectual, of a man set down for life in a small country parish, was far truer in that age of slow communication and restriction in intercourse. It is greatly to Thomas Twining's credit to have kept at such a comparatively high level. We may even wish that all country parsons nowadays, even all ex-fellows of colleges, showed as keen and intelligent an interest in anything as our author did in music and travel. Sydney Smith once complained that he was becoming a holy vegetable. It was a strange complaint, whichever word we think of, for Sydney Smith to make. To a good many in these times one fears that the substantive alone is applicable; one may vegetate, and yet be wholly worldly. Mr. Twining was as reticent about his work and his calling as he was about his affections. Nor would we wish it otherwise, for in this worldly age, it is well to be reminded that a man may be spiritual without always having spiritual phrases in his mouth.

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From Good Words.

#### MAJOR AND MINOR.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### GILBERT MAKES PROGRESS.

THE more Gilbert thought of it the more he became convinced that he had been guilty of a lamentable error in judgment in proposing to Kitty Greenwood. It is not with impunity that a man who has taken cold reason for his guide through life allows himself to be swayed by a gust of feeling, and even if Miss Huntley had



never crossed his path again the day would full surely have arrived when Gilbert would have repented him of his rashness. But Miss Huntley had come, armed in all the suggestive panoply of wealth, beauty, and worldly wisdom, and this had caused lame Nemesis to put her best foot foremost — had, perhaps, as Gilbert now told himself without any circumlocution, rendered it possible for him to escape Nemesis even at the eleventh hour. The means by which she had accomplished this end have already been indicated, and it is neither necessary or agreeable to dwell further upon them. She had an apt disciple and an easy task.

By no means so easy was that which, before the month of October was out, Gilbert had determined to undertake. It is no light matter to be a traitor to love, honor, and duty, to desert the girl of your heart without the shadow of a plausible excuse for so doing, and to brave the scorn of your friends and neighbors. Yet doubtless the thing may be done, if only all scruples be resolutely cast to the winds, and this latter feat was more within Gilbert's capacity than it had once been. He did, indeed, repeat to himself certain glib and conventional phrases, as, for example, that a mistake ought always to be corrected, no matter how, while correction remains practicable; that in Kitty's interest as well as his own it would be wise and right to terminate an engagement which had been entered into without sufficient consideration, and so forth; but these things he said rather for form's sake and because he disliked a raw style of argumentation than to quiet an uneasy conscience. Besides, it is a waste of time to seek out reasons for doing what you have already made up your mind to do. The really difficult question was how to do it. Now a lady who has thrown over her betrothed sometimes has hard things said of her; but everybody must concede that her position is preferable to that of a lady who has been thrown over. Clearly, then, every facility should be afforded to Kitty for taking the initiative in this delicate affair. Nor would there have been much trouble about the rendering of this service to her if she had been a little less wilfully blind. She either did not see, or did not choose to show that she saw, what any other girl must have seen in her place; her lover's evident preference for Miss Huntley's society did not, apparently, shake her faith in him for a moment; her cheerfulness, good-humor, and insensibility to neglect were as admirable as they

were exasperating. The only thing that could be said for such conduct was that it made Gilbert's path a little smoother for him, by causing him to doubt seriously whether he ever could have been really in love with so stupid a woman. Yet he could not bring himself to tell her in so many words that he no longer considered her to be a suitable wife for him. To do that would have been to incur an amount of public obloquy which he dared not face, and which he could hardly expect to live down under a year or two, backed though he might probably be by all the power of Miss Huntley's riches and social influence. No! by hook or by crook, Kitty must be forced to give him his dismissal. It will be observed that he had made progress since the time when it cost him a sleepless night and much expenditure of casuistry to resolve upon cheating his brother. Then he had been sincerely desirous of effecting some sort of a *modus vivendi* with his conscience; now his sole anxiety was to save appearances.

Miss Greenwood may be acquitted of the accusation of stupidity brought against her. That she did not suspect the man whom she loved of a baseness which, if proved, would have made it impossible for her to love him any longer, is the less surprising because the evidences thereof had not been brought very directly under her notice; but she was perfectly aware that a change had come over him, that he had ceased to take pleasure in the kind of conversation which, however silly it may be in itself, is generally found pleasant by lovers, and that her total ignorance of politics, which, during the summer-time, he had been wont to laugh at and treat as a joke, had now become a vexation to him. She was not a clever girl, but she was a modest and a sensible one; so instead of upbraiding him, she set to work to correct the shortcoming which she judged to be the cause of his displeasure, and began to read the daily papers diligently, with a view to rendering herself more fit to become the wife of an earnest politician. As the admiral took in the *Times* and the *Daily News*, while Mrs. Greenwood (who was a Conservative at heart) took the *Morning Post*, this method of study did not tend to free her from bewilderment; and when, after carefully weighing all that she had read about the state of Ireland, she took upon herself to propound a truly ingenious scheme for the pacification of that luckless island, she was properly rebuked for her temerity.

Gilbert gave her one look of profound

astonishment and then said quietly: "My dear Kitty, do you happen by any chance to know what a contradiction in terms is? You can illustrate it, at all events, if you can't define it. I grant you that it is sometimes employed effectively by public speakers; but then they don't usually make it quite as plain as a pikestaff. If you are ambitious of excelling in that line, you had better take a few lessons from your friend Monckton, who is past master in the art of humbugging his audiences."

This was only a random shot, but it went home. Kitty did not mind being snubbed, because she thought that very likely she deserved it; but not even from Gilbert would she listen to a word against her beloved vicar.

"Mr. Monckton never humbugged anybody in his life," she declared vehemently, "and what is more, I don't believe you think it of him."

Then she jumped up and left the room, lest she should be compelled to hear more than she could bear.

Perhaps this little scene may have shown Gilbert where to look for the weapon of which he was in search. At any rate, from that day forth he never missed an opportunity of sneering at St. Michael's, its elaborate services, its guilds, its heterogeneous congregation, and the doctrines which he assumed to be promulgated from its pulpit. In this way he certainly managed to give Kitty a good deal of pain; but he might have known better than to imagine that such a device would cause her to shrink away from him. She was something of a zealot; like most women, she was intolerant of any form of faith save her own, but disposed to be indulgent towards indifference, especially towards the indifference of men. Gilbert's attitude had hitherto been indifferent, but not hostile, and she had secretly hoped that when he should be all her own she would be able to bring a beneficial influence to bear upon him; but if, as he now gave her to understand, he rejected not only Mr. Monckton's views, but Christianity itself, it clearly behoved her to put off no longer the work which seemed to be especially marked out for her. She felt herself on firmer ground here than on the quicksands of politics, and did not fear ultimate failure, because she was sure that Gilbert was noble, virtuous, and conscientious, and that his scepticism only arose from that lack of humility which was but natural in one of his vast intellectual capacity.

Thus began a theological contest of

which the inconsequence must often have been ludicrously apparent to one of the disputants, but which Kitty's patience prevented from ever degenerating into a quarrel. Gilbert could be ironical, bitter, and even covertly insolent, but he could not be brutal; and it seemed as if nothing short of downright brutality would serve his purpose.

Help reached him at length from a quarter in which help was assuredly no expression of good-will. The time was approaching for the first representation of Brian's opera, and Miss Huntley, to whom the date had been duly notified, was determined that Kingscliff should be well represented in the audience. However, Admiral and Mrs. Greenwood, after promising to be present, begged off. They hated leaving home; the admiral had caught a cold in his head, and his wife could not trust him to take care of himself if he were left alone; so they gladly accepted Miss Huntley's offer of a bedroom in Park Lane for Kitty. Kitty herself was delighted at the prospect of this outing until she discovered that, for some reason or other, Gilbert was opposed to her taking part in it. He suggested that it might be disagreeable for her to stay in the house of a lady with whom she was not acquainted, and who was not always polite to strangers; he alleged that nothing but a sense of fraternal duty induced him to undertake what was sure to be a tiring and tedious expedition. The truth was that he objected, partly because he had of late taken to objecting to everything that Kitty wished to do, and partly because he dreaded the conclusions which Brian might draw from watching him and Beatrice and Kitty together. And yet, Heaven knows that Brian's eyes were not over quick at discovering infamy.

The upshot of it was, that when Miss Joy incidentally asked Kitty whether the matter was settled, the girl replied that she had not quite made up her mind, adding innocently, "I don't think Gilbert much wants me to go."

Now Miss Joy was neither a reticent nor a prudent woman, and for some weeks past she had been bottling up her emotions until she was like to explode with the effervescence of them. Nothing more than this comparative trifle was needed to set her free from the restraint of her better judgment.

"Want you to go! I should think not!" she cried, a fine accession of color coming into her cheeks. "And that is just why you ought to go, and stick to him like a

leech the whole time! If I were you I wouldn't leave him alone for one moment, either here or in London, or anywhere else."

Well, the moment that the words were out she regretted them, and then, of course, she had to explain, and equally, of course, her explanation did not mend matters. There was no real harm done yet, she declared; all would come right; she had spoken too hastily. Beatrice, without perhaps quite intending it, had a way of taking men up and monopolizing them, and if the man happened to be conceited or easily flattered — as almost all men are — trouble was apt to ensue. Kitty did not say much, but the revelation was far more of a shock to her than her informant would have believed possible. Not once had it crossed her mind that Beatrice could be guilty of the conduct ascribed to her, still less had she supposed that Gilbert's recent coldness could be due to such a cause. Even now she did not believe the assertion which Miss Joy had carefully left unuttered. It was inconceivable to her that Gilbert could be false; it must be Beatrice, and Beatrice alone, who was to blame. That one who professed to be her friend should be trying to do her a deadly injury (for, simple though Kitty was, she saw through Miss Joy's euphemisms) was bad enough; nor was it without great difficulty that she forced herself to greet the traitress as smilingly as usual on the following day.

Beatrice appeared as early as eleven o'clock in the morning, she and Miss Joy having been driven over in a wagonette by Gilbert, and whatever may have been her sins they did not, apparently, weigh heavily upon her conscience.

"We have come to carry you off for the day, Kitty," she announced; "so if you have any parochial duties on hand you will please to neglect them. Old women and schoolchildren can be attended to in all weathers, but Halcombe caves are only open to the public when there is a light breeze from the north-west, and we can't expect to have many days like this in November."

Kitty did not attempt to excuse herself. She was not precisely in the mood to enjoy a party of pleasure; but escape seemed hardly practicable, added to which she was anxious to have the testimony of her own senses as to whether Beatrice was or was not the false friend that she had been represented to be.

Her senses, during the eight-mile drive to Halcombe, were more pleasantly em-

ployed than in the acquisition of evidence bearing upon that point. Gilbert, who was driving, only threw an occasional remark over his shoulder to the three ladies behind him, and they for their parts were intimate enough to be absolved from the wearisome obligation of racking their brains for subjects to talk about. Their way lay along a rather rough road, which sometimes skirted the sea and sometimes took an abrupt turn inland, passing through sleepy little villages of white-washed houses, overgrown for the most part with climbing fuchsias, dipping into deep lanes, where glossy hart's-tongue ferns clothed the red soil, and crossing hills, as west-country roads commonly do, by the simple old Roman expedient of going straight up one side and straight down the other. During the summer season Halcombe and its caverns are visited daily by herds of those holiday-makers from whom Kingscliff will never again be free, and probably does not wish to be free. All along the road you meet or pass them — four or five of them generally, packed into an open one-horse fly. Not unfrequently they sing as they go. Every now and then they pause, leap out of their vehicle with one consent, and make a furious onslaught upon the ferns, which they tear up by the roots and afterwards throw away. The course of their passage is marked by broken victuals, empty ginger-beer bottles, and fluttering scraps of greasy paper. It may be hoped that they enjoy themselves, though it cannot be said that they contribute to the enjoyment of their neighbors. But on this still, soft November day the quiet country had regained possession of itself; the last of the tourists had long since gone back to native London or Bristol, and the equinoctial gales and rains had made a clean sweep of their traces. Soon — in a day or two perhaps — winter would set in, the yellow leaves would fall in showers, and the sun would retire behind a grey veil to show himself no more, save by faint and feeble gleams, until the return of spring. But for the moment the air was as mild as if it had been midsummer, the sky overhead was of an Italian blue, and Kitty, whose spirits, like those of ninety-nine mortals out of a hundred, depended to a great extent upon the weather, could not for the life of her help hoping that the worthy Miss Joy had discovered a mare's-nest. Miss Joy was a dear old thing, but nobody would ever think of calling her a very acute observer; and really the whole story was utterly improbable. It was not

in the least like Beatrice Huntley to play so ignoble a part, nor was Gilbert at all the sort of man to let his head be turned by a little attention or flattery.

And so, when they reached the small fishing-hamlet of Halcombe, where Gilbert put up his horses and where they embarked in a roomy rowing-boat, she was ready to dismiss all her fears and was somewhat ashamed of having entertained them.

The Halcombe caves are hardly to be compared with the blue grotto of Capri; still their natural picturesqueness, their reputed vast extent, and the difficulty of visiting them (for they can only be entered at low water, and not then unless the wind be off shore), have earned for them a certain local celebrity, enhanced by the usual legends which have smugglers and the crews of revenue cutters for their heroes. It was easy for Beatrice Huntley, who had the knack of ingratiating herself with all sorts and conditions of men, to draw deliberate narratives of this description from one of the stalwart rowers; and if, in his polite anxiety to interest his hearers, he made some startling assertions, these were accepted without a symptom of incredulity; for Halcombe is included in the Kingscliff division, and there are voters who dislike to be accused of mendacity, notwithstanding the direct encouragement thereto afforded by the Ballot Act and advocated by some of the admirers of that measure.

The water at the mouth of the caves being still too high to admit of the entrance of a boat, it was agreed to disembark, spread out the luncheon upon a broad, sunny rock, and wait for the ebb. Many years ago there appeared in *Punch* the representation of a picnic at which one of John Leech's large-eyed, crinolined young ladies was made to tell her Edwin reproachfully that he could not truly love her, since he had helped somebody else to the liver-wing of a chicken and had handed her the leg. Kitty Greenwood was neither greedy nor exacting; yet she could not help observing that some such marks of attention as this were paid by Gilbert to Beatrice at her expense; she noticed, too, what was more significant, that his voice in addressing Beatrice was soft and low, whereas it took a distinctly harder intonation when he spoke to herself. These were trifles; but in spite of her determination to be reasonable, she was disquieted by them, and before the repast was over it seemed to her that the sun no longer shone so brightly.

At the end of an hour they all got into the boat again, and, stooping low to save their heads, passed into the twilight of the echoing cavern. It was not very far, however, that the boat could take them, and as they were bent upon penetrating some little distance into the unknown depths, they stepped out upon a strip of shingle and lighted the candles which they had brought with them.

Now, what is a single man to do when he has to look after three ladies, all of whom require to be assisted over boulders slippery with seaweed? Having but two hands, it is evident that he can only be of use to one of his charges, and perhaps a very good and impartial man would feel bound to select the one most stricken in years; but Gilbert, instead of placing his services at the disposition of Miss Joy, attached himself resolutely to Beatrice, and Kitty, who was a little in advance, had the mortification of hearing her say, "Oh, never mind me; go and help Kitty." To which there was a muttered rejoinder too indistinct for her to catch. Naturally, she plunged forwards at once and floundered on at some little risk to her limbs — for the surface of the rocks was really treacherous — until she was stopped by a chasm over which not even a very angry lady could leap without aid. Gilbert, when he caught her up and perceived her dilemma, jumped across and, taking her hand, pulled her after him — with unnecessary roughness, she thought. At any rate, her foot slipped on landing, and she came down on her knees, extinguishing her candle and receiving some slight abrasions.

"Mind what you are about!" he exclaimed sharply; "you'll be spraining your ankle or something presently."

There are limits to everybody's patience. "Help me back again, please," said Kitty; "I shall not go any farther. You and Beatrice had better go on by yourselves."

Beatrice, who had managed to negotiate, unassisted, the obstacle which had puzzled her predecessor, entered a formal protest; but Gilbert said nothing, and Kitty, whose suggestion was adopted after a brief parley, sat down in much bitterness of spirit to await the return of her more adventurous companions. She did not care to join Miss Joy, who had already beaten a retreat to the boat, but chose rather to crouch down in a most uncomfortable attitude, grasping her candle and listening to the voices of Gilbert and Beatrice, who appeared to find scrambling

over rocks and splashing into pools a very exhilarating pastime. She had to wait a long time — nearly ten minutes, in point of fact, which her imagination excusably magnified into half an hour. There was no occasion for anxiety about the absentees; they were not lost, for she could hear their laughter; but evidently they were in no hurry to retrace their steps. When at length they did approach she arose and fled before them, not wishing them to know where she had been; and presently the whole boat-load emerged, blinking, into the broad light of day once more.

And now Miss Joy, looking across the bay towards Kingscliff and becoming aware of certain atmospheric effects which might have daunted Turner, must needs demand her paint-box and sketch-book, lest the memory of that glorious golden mist should perish for want of a skilled interpreter. Possibly it may not have been mere accident that made her unusually fidgety about the disposal of her implements and caused her to declare that nobody but Beatrice knew how to arrange these to her satisfaction. Anyhow, an opportunity was thus given to Kitty by which the latter was not slow to profit.

"Gilbert!" she called softly; and as he stepped to her side, saying, "Well, what is it?" she walked on for some little distance without replying. She had thought over what she had to say to him, and very sensible and well-put this premeditated speech was; yet, when he repeated his question impatiently, she could not get out one word of it, but simply turned a pair of blue eyes, swimming in tears, upon him and murmured: "I don't think it was very kind of you to leave me like that."

He did not see her eyes; he was looking down on the ground and kicking pebbles before him. "I understood," said he, "that you wished to be left."

"I did not wish to be a trouble to you, of course. You seemed to like being with Beatrice best, and — and you spoke so crossly, Gilbert, and you were such a very, very long time away, and —"

A suspicious break in the speaker's voice cut short this remonstrance. It was not a very dignified or coherent one, to be sure; but if the man had had any heart at all, he must have been a little touched by it. Gilbert was not in the least touched. He smiled in a singularly provoking manner, and remarked: —

"Oh, I see! Well, my dear Kitty, I don't know what your religious principles may have to say to you about jealousy;

but I can assure you that if you give way to it you will make a scourge for your own back, from which I can't undertake to relieve you. Please try to realize that you are not going to marry a country parson, or even a stay-at-home country squire. I must live in the world, I must mix with women of the world, and I must show them the civility that they expect. If that makes you jealous, I can't help it."

"I don't want to be jealous," answered poor Kitty. "It isn't your being civil to Beatrice Huntley, or to any one else, that I mind, and I am willing to lead whatever kind of life you choose, if only I can feel sure that you always love me."

"I should have thought," said Gilbert coldly, "that I had given as strong proofs of that as you could wish for; but I am afraid you are rather insatiable. To content you I should have to put on a surplice and read the lessons at St. Michael's every Sunday; I should have to bow meekly to what you are pleased to call the ordinances of the Church, and I suppose I should never be allowed to go into society without you. If your happiness depends upon the carrying out of some such programme as that — and I suspect that it does — had you not better reconsider your position while there is still time?"

This was plain speaking with a vengeance, and Kitty was staggered and bewildered by it. She had anticipated a lover's quarrel and a reconciliation; she was offered, as it seemed, a business-like bargain which she was free to accept or decline, as she pleased.

"I — I don't think I quite understand," she faltered. "You have been so odd lately. Have I offended you? — or is it that — oh, Gilbert, do you really love her, and not me?"

"You mean Miss Huntley?" he asked. "No, I am not in love with Miss Huntley, and perhaps her name had better be left out of the discussion. The question between us is not whether I am in love with somebody else, but whether you are in love with me. You say I have been odd lately, though I am not conscious of having changed any of my habits or opinions. May it not rather be that you have changed? — or at least that you have found out that I am not the man you took me for?"

He was desirous of opening her eyes; he did not see (because his own were still fixed upon the ground) how effectually he was doing so. The girl — if he had known it — was looking at him with amazement and with something akin to horror. To



deceive a loving, trusting woman is not difficult; but to shake her trust and at the same time to continue to deceive her requires more delicacy of touch than Gilbert had thought it worth while to bring to this enterprise.

"Perhaps you are right; perhaps you are not—quite what I took you for," she said in a low voice.

Yet she did not add the words which he expected and was waiting for. She did not give him his release, but turned and walked slowly back to the spot where Miss Joy was busy dashing in what looked like a hasty study of a conflagration, he following her in silence.

The color had left her cheeks, but she was perfectly composed, and during the remainder of the afternoon she bore herself much as usual. Only, after they had started on their homeward drive, she said casually to Beatrice, "By the way, I have made up my mind not to go to London with you to-morrow. For several reasons, I would rather stay at home."

And when Beatrice wanted to know what these reasons might be, she did not state them, but simply repeated, "I would rather stay at home."

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

##### SIR JOSEPH IS PERTURBED.

As the time drew near for the submission of "The King's Veto" to the judgment of a remorseless public, all those interested in the experiment became nervous and short-tempered with one notable exception. While the manager of the Ambiguity stormed and raved over small *contretemps* which he would hardly have noticed a month before, while the tenor wrangled with the soprano, and the leader of the orchestra tore his hair, and Phipps could get no sleep at nights without having recourse to sedatives, Brian, so far from showing symptoms of uneasiness, grew daily more cheerful and smiling.

"I never saw such a fellow as you are!" Phipps exclaimed with pardonable impatience; "one would think that it was quite the same thing to you whether we fail or succeed. Pray, do you realize that this will make a man or a mouse of you? I can afford to come to grief; I have made my name, and if people don't like me in this line, that won't prevent them from flocking to the next play that I shall write. But you—why, it's almost a matter of life and death for you! A *débutant* who misses his first chance has to wait some

time before he gets a second, I can tell you."

"Oh, but we shall not come to grief," answered Brian easily.

The truth was that he could not bring himself to care quite so much about the fate of this opera as his friend did. It had been transmogrified, bit by bit, until it was no longer his opera, but Phipps's play set to music, which was a very different thing. The music was pretty and the dialogue was clever, so that there was every probability of its going down; but he was unable to regard it as being in any sense the *magnum opus* which must decide whether he had a career before him or not. He had satisfied himself that his strength did not lie in that particular kind of composition; he knew that he could do a great deal better; and as for the pecuniary side of the question, that was no longer of supreme importance to him. However, it was neither confidence in his abilities nor the approaching termination of suspense that made his heart beat high and his eyes sparkle, but the prospect of seeing Beatrice Huntley once more in the course of a few short days. It was ridiculous, and he often told himself that it was so. The sight of her could only mean a renewal of pangs which absence and occupation had rendered to some extent less sharp, and a man who knows his love to be hopeless should at least take care that a hopeless business does not remain the chief concern of his life. Nevertheless, he rejoiced when he thought of the happiness that awaited him. Would she remain a week or more in London? Most likely she would; for is it not in November that ladies have to purchase winter gowns and bonnets and such things? And no doubt she would allow him to go and see her, since nothing had been said about her sister-in-law being in London, and he assumed that only Miss Joy would be in the house with her.

That this conjecture was not altogether accurate he learnt from the following note, which he found at his club one morning:—

"PARK LANE, *Nouv.* 3, 1885.

"DEAR SIR,—My sister and I hope that, if you are not too busy or otherwise engaged, you will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner to-morrow. You will meet your brother, who, I understand, has come up to London in order to witness the first representation of your opera, for the success of which pray accept my best wishes. Lady Clementina much regrets that her engagements do not allow



of her leaving the country at present, but hopes later in the year to have an opportunity of enjoying 'The Duke's Motto.'

"Believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,  
"JOSEPH HUNTLEY."

This was very civil; and if Sir Joseph had not got the title of the piece quite right, he had made as good a shot at it as could be expected of a man who never went to theatres and considered blue-books to be a far more fascinating form of literature than plays. It was satisfactory, too, that Lady Clementina would shine by her absence on this occasion. The master of the house was not likely to put himself in the way of afternoon visitors.

Perhaps Brian's impatience may have caused him to forget that in the latter part of the nineteenth century people who are asked to dine at eight o'clock are not expected to show themselves before 8.15 at the very earliest; for when he was shown into Sir Joseph Huntley's drawing-room he found it tenanted by only one person, who, from the depths of the capacious armchair in which he was ensconced, called out: "Is that you, Segrave? Well — here we are again, you see."

"Stapleford!" exclaimed Brian in undisguised astonishment.

"That same," replied the other. "I told you, you know, that I should be on the spot when your show opened. That's no reason for my being here to-night, you'll say; but the fact of the matter is that I've turned up in the character of the nasty man who won't take no for an answer. Clem and my people have been going on at me till, to keep them quiet, I had to promise that I would try again. Of course I know that I haven't the ghost of a chance — less now than ever — though I take it that you're as much out of the running as I am."

"I never was in the running," Brian said with something of a sigh. "As for your chance, I don't know why it should be any worse now than it was in the summer."

"Oh, you don't, eh? Haven't you heard the latest intelligence, then?"

"No; what is it?" asked Brian apprehensively, for although he had told himself a dozen times that Beatrice would be engaged to somebody before long, he dreaded the announcement which he foresaw.

"My dear chap, there's such a row in the house as never was — Clem rending her garments, and old Joe kicking up behind and before, as the poet says. It

seems that no sooner had Beatrice got down to that old barrack of yours than she began to find it precious slow, and small blame to her! So what must she needs do —"

But at this moment Beatrice herself sailed into the room, and Stapleford whispered hurriedly, "I'll tell you all about it by-and-by."

This interrupted communication had conveyed to the unsuspecting Brian no inkling of the truth, and before Beatrice had been talking to him for five minutes he had forgotten all about it. It was impossible to doubt that her pleasure at seeing him again was as sincere as it was outspoken; while, for his own part, the joy of listening to her voice and gazing at her perfect profile was, for the time being, all that he asked. Stapleford, who it appeared was staying in the house, very considerably sauntered away and picked up the evening paper. Beatrice glanced after him, smiling significantly.

"Didn't I tell you," said she in an undertone, "that he would be convalescent before Christmas?"

"But I don't think he is convalescent," Brian returned.

"Oh, yes, he is. He took the disease in a very mild form, and he has still six or seven weeks to get quite well in. Just at present he is shamming a little to please his relations, who seem to think that his is an infectious malady, and that I shall catch it if only we can be made to breathe the same air. What a bore relations are! Don't you think so? You ought, if anybody ought. I dare say you don't, though."

"I haven't a great many of them, you see," Brian remarked.

"No, to be sure. But here comes one who is a host in himself."

Gilbert greeted his brother quite affectionately. "My dear fellow, I have been meaning to write to you for ever so long, but if you knew what an army of idiotic correspondents this election business has let loose upon me, you would forgive me for neglecting my friends."

"Everything must be forgiven to a man who is engaged to be married and has a contested election on his hands," said Brian good-humoredly. "And what have you done with Kitty?"

Gilbert shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, the old story! She promised to come with us, but at the last moment parochial claims proved too strong. The poor frivolous world mustn't expect to win in a struggle against St. Michael and all angels. The admiral has caught a cold in

his head, and Mrs. Greenwood won't leave him for fear he should forget to put his feet in hot water at night. They sent you all sorts of messages."

Phipps was now announced; then came Miss Joy; finally Sir Joseph, muttering apologies. Sir Joseph, Brian thought, had an anxious, harassed look—to be accounted for, possibly, by the fact that he, too, was a candidate for Parliamentary honors, and that he did not feel quite so certain of re-election as he had done in former contests. He gave his arm to Miss Joy, Stapleford took Beatrice, and the remaining three men, on reaching the dining-room, disposed of themselves in the only manner possible, that is to say, that Brian had to take a chair between Stapleford and Phipps, which was not precisely the position that he coveted. However, with so small a party present, he would not have gained much by having Beatrice for his neighbor, and as a matter of fact, the conversation was general from the beginning of dinner to the end.

He took his part in it without finding it particularly interesting. Mindful of the reproof which he had incurred once before for sitting silent at a larger gathering in the same room, he endeavored to do his duty, sustained by the hope that this evening might end as agreeably for him as that had done. There was no reason why it should not, he thought, for how could he anticipate that when, at the expiration of two long hours, he reached the drawing-room again and was, so to speak, in sight of land, he would be button-holed by his host and forced to listen to a deliberate analysis of the state of political feeling in the country from that experienced observer? Sir Joseph's views were doubtless sagacious and entitled to attention, but they did not receive any; and it may have been because he noticed how intently his victim was gazing at the far corner of the room whither Beatrice and Gilbert had retired that he said,—

"Well, there is your brother's case; it is an instance of what I was saying, that Conservatism only requires to be popularized. A few months ago his return, from what I heard, was almost a certainty. I doubt very much whether it is so now. We have got a first-rate man, Mr. Giles, to oppose him, and I should not be at all surprised if we carried the division. I have a slight acquaintance with Mr. Giles; indeed, it was from him —"

Sir Joseph paused and stroked his chin. "I hardly know whether I ought to put such a question to you," he said, speaking

in an altered voice, and turning a troubled face towards Brian, "but have any — er — rumors about your brother reached you?"

"None whatever," answered Brian wonderingly; "I haven't been in the way of hearing much Kingscliff news."

"Ah, indeed? Well, of course it is a safe rule to disregard gossip, and no doubt at election times, when a man is more or less before the public, many things are apt to be said which are best left unnoticed. At the same time, it is not so easy for those who have a deep personal interest in the matters gossiped about to be indifferent, and I must own that what Mr. Giles told me has caused great pain both to my wife and myself."

"About my brother?"

"Well, yes, and about my sister. Mr. Giles treated the whole affair as a joke. I need hardly say that he has no idea of making political capital out of it, though possibly some of his adherents may be less scrupulous. But to me it is no joke that my sister should be spoken of as having flirted with an engaged man to the extent of very nearly, if not quite, causing a rupture of his engagement. I consider it discreditable, whatever her ulterior intentions may be. In any event such a marriage would not have been exactly — But no matter about that. As I say, I consider that, whether she marries your brother or not, she will have brought discredit upon herself and upon us."

"I don't believe a word of it!" exclaimed Brian rather roughly.

Sir Joseph glanced at him. "That is to say that you don't believe these two people to have been guilty of the conduct imputed to them? You are, perhaps, right to allow them the benefit of any doubt that may exist upon that point, and probably you do not feel yourself so nearly concerned in their proceedings as I do. But as to the fact of their having given grounds for gossip, there cannot, unfortunately, be any doubt at all. It is the common talk of the place. Mr. Giles says that the only persons who appear to be ignorant of it are the Greenwood family."

Brian made no immediate rejoinder. It was all very well to declare that he did not believe this report, but he did believe it — he had reasons quite apart from the tittle-tattle of Kingscliff for believing it — and it was as if this stout, respectable, commonplace man had planted a dagger in his heart. That Gilbert should be a traitor was not surprising; he had never really recovered his trust in Gilbert,

though he had ceased to think bitterly of him. But that Beatrice was unworthy of the love which he had given her, and which, despite her unworthiness, he could not recall, was a hard thing to admit. Yet the admission had to be made. Blows of that kind stimulate the action of the brain when they do not arrest it, and he saw quite clearly that she was without excuse. It did not seem to him to be proved that she would marry Gilbert. She might—and indeed that would be very characteristic of her—intend to throw him over, after preventing a marriage which she thought likely to turn out unhappily. But, whatever might be her motives, the fact must remain that she was trying to bring dishonor upon a man whom she treated as a friend and misery upon a girl for whom she professed to feel sincere affection. “She is utterly heartless,” he thought sadly; and it may be that this judgment upon her had been in his mind once or twice before, though it had never until now found expression. To Sir Joseph he only replied, “I am very sorry to hear what you tell me, but I am afraid I can do nothing.”

“H’m! I am a peaceable man, Mr. Seagrave; but if a brother of mine were to behave as your brother is behaving, I should have a word or two to say to him—a word or two to say to him. As for Beatrice, I have thought it my duty to speak to her, and have been met, as I expected to be, by a reminder that she is her own mistress now. However, she has agreed to return to the country with me and to stay a week.”

There was a solemnity and even something of a subdued commiseration in Sir Joseph’s accent as he made this announcement, such as may occasionally be noticed in the voice of a judge when pronouncing a heavy sentence upon a convicted felon; but Brian did not know Lady Clementina very well, and so missed this touch of humor.

His only desire now was to get away as soon as might be. He shook himself free of Sir Joseph presently and advanced towards Beatrice, who was still deep in conversation with Gilbert, intending to make some excuse to her and retire. Stapleford intercepted him, with as near an approach to an ironical laugh as so good-natured a man could compass.

“You have been enlightened by the virtuous Joseph, I see. Fine spectacle, Joseph, when he gets up on his hind legs. Did he tell you that your brother’s conduct was ‘distinctly discreditable’?”

“I should not have been inclined to

contradict him if he had,” answered Brian shortly.

“Oh, no; you would think it discreditable in a man to break his word under any circumstances; and so it is, for that matter. Only, you know, it isn’t exactly that that rouses the righteous indignation of Clementina and her prince-consort. I expect, for instance, that they would have found plenty of excuses for me if I had thrown some young woman over for Beatrice’s sake.”

“You are rather cynical; it seemed to me that he was honestly distressed,” said Brian. He added half involuntarily and somewhat feebly, “Do you believe that she—that Miss Huntley knows what she is doing?”

Stapleford made a grimace.

“I should say that Beatrice knows as well as most women what she is about. After all, she is a woman; she isn’t an angel, though I dare say I may have taken her for one once upon a time.”

Apparently Beatrice’s assertion that he was in a fair way towards recovery was no vain boast.

Brian passed on to the recess in which she and Gilbert had ensconced themselves.

“I have come to say good-night,” he announced, when she looked up at him inquiringly; “I am rather busy, as you may imagine, and it is getting late.”

She held out her hand, without offering any remonstrance.

“Till to-morrow, then,” she said. “We shall be in our places before the overture strikes up, you may be sure. Perhaps you will come and receive our congratulations after the first act.”

“Or your condolences,” he answered, and, nodding to his brother, turned away.

Congratulations or condolences, it mattered little enough to him now which he might earn. Fortune had done her worst, and he could afford to smile at any future assaults that she might have in store for him.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

##### “THE KING’S VETO.”

THE manager of the Ambiguity Theatre had had a short but singularly lucrative career. He had never shrunk from costly experiments; he had known how to bait his hook with the novelty and variety which are so essential to theatrical success, and he had always triumphantly landed his public. It was therefore safe to predict that a first night at the Ambi-

guity would be well attended; and indeed when Brian, who arrived rather late on the evening announced as "destined to mark the dawn of a new epoch in the annals of dramatic representation," reached the pretty little playhouse, he found it thronged from floor to roof. Boxes, stalls, pit, and gallery were alike as full as they could hold; in various parts of the house he noticed friendly and familiar faces; almost immediately opposite to him sat Beatrice, who favored him with a smiling signal of recognition. Miss Joy was beside her; behind them were Gilbert and Stapleford; and in the background could be discerned the gloomy countenance of Sir Joseph Huntley.

It was from the back of a stage box, occupied by Phipps and sundry other friends, that the young composer took this survey of his judges. Phipps, who had hurried off to the theatre immediately after a dinner for which he had had little appetite, and who was looking pale and nervous, hailed him, as usual, with a mixture of admiration and remonstrance.

"Never saw such a fellow in all my born days! Drops in casually at the last moment, as if he had happened to remember that there was a new play on, and thought perhaps it might amuse him to have a look at it. Not particularly keen about being there for the overture, you know; has heard it already, in fact. Well, I'm not bloodthirsty, and as a general thing I shouldn't care to attend an execution; but I should like to see you hung, Segrave, I should really! It would be a sort of apotheosis of the self-satisfied man, total indifference to the words or ways of the rest of creation raised to its highest expression."

Brian did not think it worth while to explain how very little self-satisfaction had to do with his calmness, or how far he was from being indifferent to the words and ways of some of his fellow-creatures. He seated himself close to the door, declining the front place offered to him; at the same moment the conductor of the orchestra raised his *bâton*, and conversation was hushed. In truth, he himself was a little surprised that he should feel so cool. His senses were curiously numb; it seemed to him that this evening was the conclusion of a chapter in his life; he wanted to get it over and see what was beyond. The chapter had been a fiasco, and its *finale*, whatever that might be like, could not possibly mend it. Yet he had taken particular pains about this overture, feeling somewhat more of a personal in-

terest in it than in any other portion of the opera. For the overture, at any rate, was all his own; there was no flavor of Phipps about it, save such as was inseparable from the character of the whole composition. He listened to it now phlegmatically enough, noticing only with a dull kind of satisfaction that the orchestra was doing him full justice; but when it came to an end and there burst out from all quarters of the house a sudden and spontaneous tumult of applause, his heart gave a great bound. He was not such a stoic as he had imagined himself, after all. To hear another man cheered and clapped by an audience some hundreds strong is the commonest thing in the world; there is nothing exciting about it, unless it reaches positively rapturous heights, and even then one's excitement is apt to be tempered by doubts as to whether he has done anything to deserve it. But very different are the sensations of him to whom this uproar is addressed. It may be worth much or it may be worth next to nothing; it may be merited or unmerited; but few indeed are the mortals whose blood does not course wildly through their veins when for the first time the plaudits of an assemblage of their fellow-men fall upon their ears. Readers of Brian Segrave's history will not, surely, be so cruel as to laugh if it must be recorded of him that his inward ejaculation, as the curtain rose upon the first scene of "The King's Veto," was, "I haven't lived altogether in vain, then."

The first act was designed — as perhaps all first acts should be — to put the audience in good humor and stimulate its curiosity. It opened with the coronation of Conrad, king of Democratia, a ceremony which admitted of much magnificence of costume and scenery and gave occasion for the introduction of a stirring chorus. Some smart dialogue between the youthful monarch and his ministers upon the subject of their bill for a sweeping extension of the franchise had been turned to account by the author, who knew well that nothing delights the British playgoer more than a hit at contemporary statesmanship. His colleague and the *prima donna* scored decisively by a plaintive song in which the latter, as Phyllis, lamented the inferiority of birth which separated her from her royal lover, and the curtain fell upon the king's resolve to exercise his right of veto and the consternation of his responsible advisers.

The fate of a piece — or at all events its success — is seldom a matter of certainty

before two-thirds of it have been performed; nevertheless, the very warm reception accorded to this first act was perhaps sufficient to justify Phipps in declaring that nothing but a miracle could prove fatal to "The King's Veto" now. He was greatly elated, and generous withal in his elation, saying, "I don't know whether you could have done as well as this without me, Segrave; but I'm quite sure that I could never have done as well without you."

And Brian, though no longer carried out of himself as he had been by that first tribute of applause, was yet able to respond in the manner expected of him with something like heartiness, and felt a good deal more fit than he had done an hour before to face the necessary ordeal of visiting Miss Huntley's box. He found only Miss Joy and Sir Joseph with her, the other two men having gone out to smoke, and when her companions had delivered themselves of some complimentary remarks, for which it is to be feared that they obtained but little gratitude, she made him take the chair directly behind her, turning round so as to face him.

"I am so very, very glad!" she exclaimed. "I knew you would be victorious; but I was a little bit frightened, all the same. Swine, you know, don't appreciate pearls, and when I saw all this crowd I couldn't help being afraid that the swine must be in an alarming majority. I was quite wrong, though. Far be it from me to call them names, after their splendid behavior! I should like to shake hands with them all round!"

"Oh, but it is too early to talk about victory yet," objected Brian. "Besides, the glory, such as it is, belongs to Phipps. It is really his piece, not mine."

"What absurd nonsense! Mr. Phipps, indeed! A funny little man who writes funny little plays, which, I grant you, are amusing enough in their funny little way, but which nobody out of a lunatic asylum would ever dream of calling works of genius. Don't you see that your music has triumphed in spite of him, not because of him? He was within an ace of making you ridiculous several times, and if he had done that I would never have spoken to him again!"

There was a delicate pink flush upon her cheeks; her clear eyes had an unusual light in them; she seemed to be sincere; and, after all, why should she not be? Brian had never doubted that she liked him and wished him well, nor had her de-thronement from that high pedestal upon

which his imagination had placed her anything to do with the too flattering estimate which she had been pleased to form of his abilities. Her presence was sweet to him, and so was her praise, exaggerated though it might be.

"I am glad you like the music," he said simply.

"Of course I like it; nothing could be more charming. Only I don't think you must do this sort of thing again; it was all very well as a stepping-stone. I don't set up to be a competent critic, but from the first I have known that you have genius; even an ignoramus can discern genius." She paused for a moment, and then asked, "Do you remember that evening, ever so long ago, when I slipped into St. Michael's, and you were playing the organ and never knew I was there?"

"Yes," he answered sadly; "I remember it very well, and all that you said. Miss Joy was outside in the churchyard, transferring a flaming sunset into water-colors. Afterwards we met my poor old father."

"Yes, and you made him angry by talking Radicalism. Wasn't it then that I ventured to compare you and your brother to Jacob and Esau? And was I so very far wrong, after all?"

"Is he not rightly named Jacob? for he hath supplanted me these two times," murmured Brian. He spoke involuntarily; but when he looked up and saw her eyes turned questioningly upon him, he colored a little. Perhaps, though, she did not understand his allusion, for she went on:—

"You see!—you see! And now you have embraced Jacob, just as poor Esau did, and you are content to be an outcast, and all is for the best in the best of possible worlds."

Then the curtain rose upon act the second, and she turned quickly to Brian, saying, "Stay where you are; Jacob has found some friends on the other side of the house; he won't come back while you keep possession of his place."

This was pleasant hearing for Brian. Assuredly she could not be in love with a man of whom she spoke in that tone, and there began to shine upon him the glimmer of a faint hope that he had misjudged her. The threadbare simile of the moth and the candle came into his mind and gave him comfort. There are women who attract men for the simple reason that they cannot help it; it is neither fair nor reasonable to treat attractiveness as a crime. "Haven't I singed my own



wings?" thought Brian; "and is she to blame for that?" For to-night, at all events, he would try to forget what Sir Joseph had told him. If he had been worshipping a false goddess during so many months, it was a small matter that he should continue to worship her for a few hours. So he surrendered himself to the delight of sitting close to her, watching the pleasure which she derived from his composition, and of listening to the comments which she threw back to him from time to time over her shoulder.

Now the music of the second act was in no way inferior to that of the first, nor was Beatrice sparing of her panegyrics upon it; yet, as the action of the piece advanced, it became evident that, in spite of her disparaging criticism upon Mr. Phipps, she was a good deal interested in his plot. The scene in which Phyllis was made to renounce the king, notwithstanding his protestations and reproaches, seemed to please her greatly.

"Why, the man is as stupid and unjust as if he were a fact instead of a fiction!" she exclaimed. And when the same astute maiden was represented as joining the Socialist plot for the assassination of her lover, intending all the time to save him by sacrificing her own life and that of his chief enemy, Miss Huntley abruptly shifted her chair, bringing herself almost face to face with Brian. "So that is your notion of a heroine!" said she triumphantly. "You admit that she is justified in deceiving everybody, and even in compassing the death of a scoundrel. You admit that all is fair in love and in war."

"Oh no, I don't," answered Brian, laughing. "I decline to be responsible for Phipps's morality; and, indeed, I suspect that Miss Phyllis is only setting the decalogue at defiance because the play couldn't be made to work upon any other terms."

Yet he could not help being glad to hear her making what sounded so very like an excuse for herself. If she had been guilty of deception, it was something that she should be persuaded of the integrity of her own motives. Not precisely in that way had he reasoned, the night before; but circumstances alter cases. He did not at the moment think it possible that she could be pleading love for Gilbert in extenuation of any treachery that she might have employed towards Kitty Greenwood. Perhaps if he had been alone with her he would have ventured to ask her point-blank what her designs were, but such a straightforward course was out of

the question with Miss Joy close at hand. Moreover, Sir Joseph and Stapleford had now resumed their places, and were plying him with kind and congratulatory whippers.

During the second *entr'acte* Gilbert reappeared, and then Brian rose. "I think Phipps will want me to go behind with him and say what is civil to all these eminent *artistes* who have been doing so well for us," he remarked. "Besides, I do feel grateful to them."

"But you will come back again, won't you?" asked Beatrice.

"Yes, if you will allow me," he answered, and left the box, carrying away with him a much lighter heart than he had brought.

Phipps was in high good-humor. Brian found him surrounded by a bevy of admiring friends, whose views as to the respective merits of author and composer may not have been identical with those of Miss Huntley; but he disengaged himself at once to clap his colleague on the back.

"Well, old fellow," said he, "you were right to be confident. I suppose you knew your own value better than I did; but I must own that I never anticipated taking the public by storm in this way. We're all right now; and I don't think I'm too sanguine in saying that we may look forward to a six or eight months' run."

An equally hopeful and jubilant spirit reigned behind the scenes, whither Brian presently repaired. Everybody was smiling, for everybody foresaw that "The King's Veto" would provide those engaged in it with bread and butter for some time to come, and there was no one who had not a pleasant word for the young man to whose talents this cheerful prospect was chiefly, if not entirely, due. The manager drank his health in a glass of champagne, and said, with a certain solemnity, "Mr. Segrave, your fortune is made, sir."

Success of all kinds, from winning the battle of Waterloo down to shooting a woodcock, is enjoyable, and there must be something very wrong with the mental or bodily health of a man who fails to enjoy it. Brian, though not unduly elated (for he was well aware that the writing of such operas as this, whether it led to fortune or not, could never lead to true fame), enjoyed it all the more, perhaps, because his mental health had only just been re-established. He remained chatting with the manager until long after Phipps had returned to the front, and the last act was



well advanced; and when, conformably to his promise, he re-entered Miss Huntley's box, the drama which was being enacted on the stage had reached a climax which those who had followed it with interest so far should have found highly exciting.

But, alas! it was only too obvious that Beatrice did not find it so — that her attention was concentrated on the working out of another drama, in which she herself was engaged, and that she was so absorbed by her part as to be unconscious even of Brian's proximity. She had turned her head away from the stage; her eyes were not attracted by the really brilliant and well-contrived representation of a masked ball which was being displayed there, nor her ears by the swinging melodious waltz music which subsequently achieved so signal a success that barrel-organs are grinding it in all parts of the United Kingdom at this present day. Gilbert, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, was talking eagerly to her, and she seemed to be pleased with what he was saying, for her parted lips were curved into a smile, and every now and again from beneath her lowered eyelids she shot a glance at him, which was doubtless aimed to reach his heart. Miss Joy was watching her with a comical expression of distress and discomfiture; Stapleford, apparently more amused than indignant, was staring straight before him; in the back of the box Sir Joseph was sleeping as peacefully as if he had been in the House of Commons.

Possibly Brian saw nothing more than he ought to have been prepared to see; possibly there was nothing in Beatrice's present attitude and demeanor inconsistent with that theory of involuntary fascination which he had formulated on her behalf at an earlier period of the evening; but a theory which can be made to fit one set of circumstances decently well often fails altogether to adapt itself to another. Besides, Brian was in love, which is a state of mind very unfavorable to the calm application of theories. "Who is being cheated here?" was his inward comment upon the scene; and there was little consolation in replying, "Everybody." Gilbert might or might not be a dupe, but in any case he was a deceiver, and so, in any case, must Beatrice be.

She caught sight of him by-and-by and said something to him, which he did not hear, after which she began once more to pay attention to the play, which was now almost over. But neither the prolonged applause which followed the fall of the

curtain nor the warm felicitations of the friends who sat around him could arouse an echo of gratitude in Brian's sick heart. There was a call for the authors; Phipps, on the opposite side of the house, could be seen bobbing and grinning like a marionette; then Stapleford seized Brian by the shoulders and pushed him forcibly to the front of the box; and so the whole business came to an end. Our poor hero had passed through a variety of emotions in the course of the evening, but at the finish he found himself very much where he had been at starting, with such added bitterness of spirit as naturally arose from the consciousness of having been fooled.

Beatrice, as she was leaving the box, paused for a moment beside him. "You don't look very triumphant," she remarked. "Do I not?" returned he. "Perhaps I don't feel so."

She frowned and bit her lip. She seemed to be going to say something, but apparently changed her mind and passed on. On the threshold, however, she halted, stepped quickly back to him — for he had not moved — and said: "I am going away on Thursday; will you come and see me to-morrow?"

"I will call, since you wish it," replied Brian coldly.

"Since I wish it? I should like to say good-bye to you before I leave, certainly; but my happiness is not so bound up in seeing you again that I should care to drag you to Park Lane against your will. What is the matter with you?"

"I will tell you to-morrow, if you like," answered Brian desperately.

She looked him straight in the face, pressing her lips together. "Very well, then," she said; "you will find me at home at five o'clock. I am not afraid of anything that you may have to say to me; but I hope you will think before you speak and remember that there are limits to the privileges of a friend."

With that warning ringing in his ears, he left her and submitted to be borne away by Phipps to a supper-party, of which the joyousness can hardly be said to have been augmented by his presence.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

##### THE PRIVILEGES OF FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN a man or a woman says, "I am not afraid," it is courteous to believe the assertion, but safe to conclude that it is made rather with the intention of frightening somebody else than of testifying to the speaker's intrepidity; for courage has

no more need to proclaim itself than virtue. Beatrice Huntley did not succeed in frightening Brian, even though he understood her warning to mean that if he presumed too far she would cease to be his friend. On the other hand, she dreaded his visit a good deal more than she would have done, had she been in possession of that priceless blessing, a clear conscience. Her nerves, ordinarily as steady as a rock, gave her no little trouble that day, and, as a natural consequence, were a source of trouble to others. Sir Joseph was driven discomfited from her presence at an early hour and trotted off to his club, convinced that he had better leave the girl to be dealt with by a capable member of her own sex; Phipps, who dropped in complacently after luncheon, ready to accept the compliments which he conceived to be his due, departed, after a very short stay, with mortification writ large upon his features and the recollection of some amazingly unjust and ironical criticisms in his mind; even Miss Joy did not escape scot free, but came in for one or two snubs so sharp that she withdrew to her bedroom, where, being a foolish and soft-hearted person, she melted into tears.

Having thus created a solitude for herself and given orders that no one was to be admitted, unless Mr. Segrave should call — "Mr. Segrave, remember, not Mr. Gilbert Segrave" — Beatrice spent the afternoon in wandering restlessly about the room, staring out of the window at the dismal, fog-enveloped park, and trying to fix her attention upon books and newspapers, all of which struck her as being equally devoid of the faintest human interest.

Nervousness and irritability are not likely to be lessened by lack of occupation; yet when Brian, punctual to the appointed hour, was shown into Miss Huntley's luxurious sanctum, he was accosted by a lady who turned towards him a countenance wreathed in smiles and, without rising from the low chair in which she was reclining by the fireside, held out her hand to him, saying lazily: "Hasn't it been a horrid day? I haven't stirred from the house and I was just dropping off to sleep. How nice of you to come in and wake me up!"

"You asked me to come," returned Brian curtly.

"Did I? Oh, yes, I remember; and didn't we have something very like the beginning of a quarrel last night? You were rude, or I thought you were, and as we couldn't very well wrangle in public,

we agreed to fight it out afterwards. Well, suppose, on second thoughts, we don't fight it out? Suppose we conclude peace, instead? I never can screw myself up to the point of quarrelling in cold blood."

But this system of tactics was of little avail with a man who was very much in earnest, who had thought over what he had to say and who meant to say it. "Why do you try to put me off?" Brian asked. "Is it because you don't want to quarrel with me, and because, as you told me last night, a friend must not strain his privileges farther than they will go? But it seems to me that I should be a poor sort of friend if I held my tongue now, rather than run the risk of displeasing you. I think, when you asked what was the matter with me, you could have answered the question for yourself; I think you must know that, however dull I may be, I am not quite blind. And even if I were, there are plenty of people able and willing to open my eyes —"

"Stop a moment," she interrupted. "I will allow, if you like, that a friend is sometimes entitled to ask for explanations; but then he must have shown himself worthy of them. For my own part, I should never think it worth while to explain myself to any one who could not trust me. One knows how that sort of thing always ends. You may satisfy him to-day, but he will be dissatisfied again to-morrow; and so it goes on until, some fine morning, you find that your stock of patience is exhausted. I prefer to anticipate a foregone conclusion."

"I don't think I am the kind of friend that you describe," said Brian; "I am not given to being distrustful; but I won't deny that I distrust you now. After that, you can answer me or not, as you think best; but it isn't a great deal that I ask of you. If you will simply tell me that all this is untrue, that shall be enough — though, of course, I had rather that you told me a little more."

"Your moderation does you credit; only you are not quite as lucid as you might be. What is it that I am to admit or deny?"

"I thought, perhaps, you would not force me to put such a hateful question into words. Is it true or untrue that you are trying to induce Gilbert to break off his engagement?"

"And if it were true?"

Brian hesitated. "I won't believe it!" he exclaimed. "I won't believe until you admit it."

"Depart in peace, then; I haven't made the admission."

But this was scarcely satisfactory. "Won't you just say that it is untrue?" pleaded Brian.

"No; why should I? I don't recognize your right to drive me into a corner and hold a pistol to my head."

"What pistol? I have nothing to threaten you with; for I suppose it can't matter much to you whether I am able to go on thinking of you as I have always thought or not; but it matters everything to me. I can't go away without any answer at all and calmly hold my judgment in suspense until I see what will happen."

"Why not? It seems to me that that would be a very correct and sensible attitude to take up. Why can't you adopt it?"

"Because I love you!" he burst out suddenly. "I have loved you ever since the first day that we met, I think; though I have never had any hope, except for a short time long ago, when I didn't quite understand what a great gulf was fixed between us. I understand that perfectly well now, and besides, my chance would have been no better if I had been an important personage, instead of an insignificant one. Through all your kindness to me you have never given me the slightest excuse for supposing that you could care for me in that way. I didn't want to tell you this; but I thought——"

He paused and glanced appealingly at her, but she only made a slight movement of her head, as if inviting him to go on.

"Well, I thought that if you knew the truth you would not wish me to have the misery of doubting you when you could remove all my doubts with a word."

"But are you sure that I can?" she asked in a low voice.

The room was quite dark now, except for the firelight, and she had drawn her chair back, so that he could not see her face. There was a short interval of silence, after which she resumed: "I won't pretend to be surprised at what you have told me; I have sometimes thought that it might be so, although I was not certain. I am glad you don't accuse me of having led you on, as Stapleford and others have accused me, and I am sorry if you have ever been made unhappy through me. But this is what I think about it: you are dreamy and imaginative; you would be sure to take any woman that you fell in love with for a paragon, and women are not paragons. At all events, most of them

are not, and I belong to the majority. You would have been dreadfully disappointed in me if——"

"No, I should not!" interrupted Brian eagerly. "I know you have faults, like everybody else; I could even mention some of them."

She laughed a little. "Could you? But you don't seem to be very tolerant of them; and, you see, you are ready to suspect me of all kinds of iniquity. That comes of setting up too high an ideal."

"You call it iniquity, then," he cried; "you allow that it would be iniquity. That is all I wanted you to say. No, Miss Huntley, I haven't set up too high an ideal. I don't know that I can explain myself; but in my own mind it is quite clear that it wasn't really you whom I suspected. If this thing had been true—and there was a great deal to make me think it so—the evidence of my own senses, besides what Sir Joseph told me, and Stapleford—if it had been true you wouldn't have been yourself; you would have been a deceitful, heartless woman, who, for the sake of vanity or ambition, or perhaps of something that she might dignify by the name of love, did not hesitate to betray her friend and disgrace herself. You see," he concluded with a sort of laugh, "it couldn't have been you whom I suspected."

"Ah," she said, "you couldn't love a woman of that description."

"No, I think not; I hope not. Certainly I should be ashamed of myself if I did."

"Come!" said Beatrice, rising and standing over him, with one hand resting upon the mantelpiece, "you have paid me a compliment—for I suppose it is a compliment to a woman to fall in love with her, even though that sentiment may be grounded upon an illusion—and the least that I can do in return is to restore you to a healthy state of mind. Joseph and Stapleford and the evidence of your own senses have not misled you; I have done and am doing my best to break off the engagement between your brother and Kitty Greenwood. More than that, I believe that I have as good as succeeded. More than that, I am utterly unrepentant, and I would do it all over again. I hope that is explicit enough to satisfy you."

There was a long pause. Brian also had risen to his feet, and was standing close to her, but made no reply.

At last she asked abruptly, "Well, have you nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing," he answered quietly.

"Nothing either now or at any future time."

"This is to be final, then? If we meet again we are to cut one another dead?"

"No; not unless you desire it. I take it that you will become my sister-in-law, and in that case it would be better that we should be upon speaking terms, wouldn't it?"

"You foresee everything. Yes, no doubt it would be more convenient that we should remain upon speaking terms, supposing that you will condescend so far as to speak to me. You have been nicely deceived in me, have you not?"

"I have only myself to blame for that," he replied gravely.

"What magnanimity! I should have thought that you would prefer to condemn me; that seems to be such a natural and easy process with you. But, after all, one readily pardons a person whom one despises."

By way of reply he took up his hat and bowed.

"Good-bye," she said, ringing the bell. And so they parted, without shaking hands.

When Beatrice was left alone she went to her davenport, unlocked it, and took out a photograph, which she had purchased nearly a year before from a Kings-cliff artist. It represented Brian Segrave, seated in a very uncomfortable attitude upon a sharp rock, behind which was a nebulous background, traversed horizontally by some white, woolly appearances, which, when you were told of it, you perceived to be the waves of the sea. Hung upside down they did duty for the clouds in a summer sky, and had figured in one or the other capacity behind the backs of most of the leading inhabitants of Kings-cliff. Beatrice gazed steadily at this work of art for several minutes before she tossed it into the fire, and pressed it down with the poker among the glowing coals until it was consumed. Then, with lips compressed and her chin in the air, she left the room and, mounting the staircase, knocked at Miss Joy's door.

"Dear old Matilda," she said on being admitted, "I have come to beg your pardon. I was cross and rude to you to-day, and I am afraid I distressed you."

Miss Joy jumped up and flung her arms round the girl's neck. "No, no!" she exclaimed; "it was I who was too ready to take offence. But, Beatrice dear, I have been so unhappy—so worried!"

"Worried about what, you old goose?

But I know, and I don't want you to tell me. Matilda, *you* won't throw me over, will you, come what may?"

"Never!" cried Miss Joy emphatically. "I don't always understand you, my dear, and I don't always think you in the right; but, right or wrong, I always love you, and always shall."

"Ah, Matilda, that is a very foolish and immoral kind of friendship. When you think a friend in the wrong you ought to pull a long face and straighten your backbone and say, 'I have been deceived in you, but I do not reproach you. Farewell!' However, I think I like the foolish and immoral friends best. Matilda, what should you say to going up the Nile?"

"My dear child, would it be safe? And—and would it fit in with your plans?"

"I have no plans; and I think we should be sufficiently protected by Mr. Cook and the British army of occupation. Still, Algiers or Madeira or Cyprus would suit me equally well. We will wait to see the result of the general election, Matilda, and then we will be off. How glad I shall be to say good-bye to my friends!—to the wise and moral ones, I mean."

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From The Fortnightly Review.

#### PASCAL, THE SCEPTIC.

No book, probably, has had so curious a literary history as Pascal's "*Pensées*," and, perhaps for that reason, no book has been so differently interpreted. For more than a century and a half, from the first edition in 1670 to the celebrated "*Rapport*" of Victor Cousin, it was naturally considered to be the literary expression of the dominant convictions of Port Royal. It was subsequently discovered that it was only the mouthpiece of such mediocre thinkers as Etienne Périer and the Duc de Roannez, issued, perhaps, under the authority of Antoine Arnauld and Nicole. By a curious freak of fortune it was taken up by Condorcet and Voltaire in 1776 and 1778, but it is only since Cousin first restored the text of the genuine Pascal, which the Messieurs de Port Royal had mutilated, transposed, and rewritten, that such editions as those of Faugère in 1844 and Havet in 1852 have become possible. And what sort of Pascal has the genuine text revealed? a fanatic, as Voltaire supposed? or a Catholic, as M. l'Abbé Maynard has laboriously undertaken to prove in the two volumes

he issued in 1850? Is he a disguised Protestant, as M. Vinet and perhaps also Mr. Charles Beard seem inclined to think, or was M. Victor Cousin right when he summarily declared him to be a sceptic? The controversy is by no means yet extinguished, for Pascal's name is equally cherished by literature and theology, and it is not often that a man has left behind him two works so diametrically opposed in spirit and in form as the "Provincial Letters" and the "Thoughts." If the first was one of the earliest and most perfect achievements of French prose writing, the second was only a somewhat heterogeneous mass of disjointed aphorisms; while the "Letters" derive half their glory from their noble vindication of the rights of reason against ecclesiastical dogmatism, the "Thoughts" are the gloomy record of a mind which was prepared to throw overboard every kind of knowledge at the bidding of authority, and to retain as elements of chief value the three qualities of "pyrrhonien," "géomètre," and "Chrétien soumis." "Il faut avoir," says Pascal, "ces trois qualités, pyrrhonien, géomètre, Chrétien soumis; et elles s'accordent, et se tempèrent, en doutant où il faut, en assurant où il faut, en se soumettant où il faut."

With the true text of the "Pensées" before us, and with Cousin's report to the Academy in our hands, it is difficult to overlook the obvious scepticism of Pascal — scepticism, be it understood, in philosophy, not in religion. Sceptic he appears at almost every page, and all the more savagely sceptic because he thought that this was the only portal to a belief in Revelation. He probably had not studied much philosophy, certainly not so much as either Arnauld or Nicole, for his talents lay rather in the direction of geometry and science, but he does not hesitate to express his opinion of all philosophy. "Se moquer de la philosophie, c'est vraiment philosopher;" such is his decisive phrase. Descartes, whom Arnauld especially had introduced into Port Royal, he cannot away with. "Je ne puis pardonner à Descartes." "*Descartes*. Il faut dire en gros, 'Cela se fait pas figure et mouvement, car cela est vrai.' Mais de dire quels, et composer la machine, cela est ridicule; car cela est inutile, et incertain, et pénible. Et quand cela seroit vrai, nous n'estimons pas que toute la philosophie vaille une heure de peine." The only true philosophy is the negation of all philosophy, and therefore the only true philosophical system is Pyrrhonism. "Le pyrrhonisme est

le vrai; car, après tout, les hommes, avant Jésus-Christ, ne savoient où ils en étoient, ni s'ils étoient grands ou petits." "Toute la dignité de l'homme est en la pensée. Mais qu'est-ce que cette pensée? Qu'elle est soite!" "Connaisse donc, superbe, quel paradoxe vous êtes à vous-même. Humiliez-vous, raison impuissante; taisez-vous, nature imbecile!" "La belle chose de crier à un homme, qui ne se connaît pas, qu'il aille de lui-même à Dieu! et la belle chose de le dire à un homme qui se connoît!" "Mon Dieu, que ce sont des sots discours! 'Dieu auroit-il fait le monde pour le damner? demanderoit-il tant de gens si foibles?' etc. Pyrrhonisme est le remède à ce mal, et rabattra cette vanité." The one philosopher whom Pascal thoroughly knew was Montaigne the sceptic, and though he ventures to criticise him here and there, his influence is visible at every page. And it is not only thoughts which Pascal borrows from Montaigne, he uses his expressions. Here is a short list of words and phrases, taken from Montaigne's vocabulary, which are found in the "Pensées." Montaigne had written, "Le seul moyen que je prends pour *rabattre* cette frénésie." Pascal uses the word in the sentence quoted above: "Pyrrhonisme *rabattra* cette vanité." Pascal says, "Les enfants qui s'effrayent du visage qu'ils ont *barbouillé*;" and Montaigne, "Les enfants qui s'effrayent de ce même visage qu'ils ont *barbouillé*." "Le nœud de notre condition prend des replis," in Pascal, is taken bodily from Montaigne's "Ce devoit être un nœud prenant ses replis." The expression "avoir des prises" is common to the two writers. Montaigne had written, "Si les prises humaines étoient assez capables pour saisir la vérité;" and Pascal repeats, "Voyons si elle a quelques forces et quelques prises capables de saisir la vérité." Other characteristic phrases are used by both: for instance, the verb "couvrir" in the sense of "conceal;" "Gagner sur moi, sur lui," in the sense of "induce;" "rapporter à," in the sense of "avoir rapport à;" "tendu," in the sense of "prolonged;" and "transi," in the sense of "transported." Here, too, is a curious instance. Pascal wrote, "Un corps qui nous *aggrave* et nous abaisse vers la terre;" apparently quoting Horace: "Corpus animum . . . *prægravat* atque affligit" but only doing so in the form in which Montaigne quotes him: "Corruptibile corpus *aggravat* animam." But perhaps the most significant case is the employment of the word "abêtir," in Pascal's celebrated ar-



gument of "taking the odds" as to the existence or non-existence of God: "Cela vous fera croire et vous abêtera." Montaigne had already said, "Il faut nous abestir pour nous assagir."

The argument itself, from which these last words are taken, is so astounding, both in conception and expression, that to most religious minds it has appeared little short of profane. Yet it is, after all, perfectly consistent with the attitude of a man who starts with the belief that all human reason and natural understanding are, owing to the fall, incurably diseased and unprofitable. It is certainly rather more daring in expression, but also more logical than the language which a Jesuit or a Calvinist would allow himself, and the *humeur bouillante* which his sister Jacqueline found in Pascal, explains much of the passionate intensity of the phrases. If human reason be corrupt at its core, there can be of course no natural theology, and no rational proof of God's existence. Pascal is very explicit on this point. "I shall not attempt," he says, "to prove by natural reasons either the existence of God or the immortality of the soul, or anything else of the like character; not only because I should not feel myself capable of finding anything in nature whereby to convince hardened atheists, but also because such knowledge, without Jesus Christ, is useless and sterile. It is remarkable," he proceeds, "that no canonical author has ever made use of nature to prove God. They must have been cleverer than the cleverest men who have succeeded them, for the latter have all made this attempt." "Eh quoi! ne dites-vous pas vous-même que le ciel et les oiseaux prouvent Dieu? Non. Et votre religion ne le dit-elle pas? Non. Car encore que cela est vrai en un sens pour quelques âmes à qui Dieu donne cette lumière, néanmoins cela est faux à l'égard de la plupart." It is perhaps a little astonishing that Pascal should have read his Bible to such little effect. The Psalmist, at all events, thought that the heavens were telling the glory of God, and St. Paul declared in his Epistle to the Romans, that God had made himself known by his works since the creation of the world. But Pascal was more versed in St. Augustine and Jansen than in the Scriptures. To him there was no natural proof of God, for without God's special grace man's understanding and will were alike incapable. Hence, so far as reason was concerned, there was no greater likelihood of God's existence than of his non-

existence; "the odds," as he says, "were even." But if the question be one not of reason, but of interest, there was a clear preponderance of advantage on the side of belief. Even if God did not exist, there could be no harm in believing him to exist; but if he did exist, how perilous in the future might be disbelief! It might make all the difference between happiness and damnation. On the ground of self-interest, therefore, as reason was neutral, it was clearly better to believe. "Et ainsi notre proposition est dans une force infinie, quand il y a le fini à hasarder à un jeu où il y a pareils hasards de gain que de perte, et l'infini à gagner. Cela est démonstratif; si les hommes sont capables de quelques vérités, celle-là l'est." "Je le confesse," answers Pascal's imaginary interlocutor, "je l'avoue; mais encore n'y a-t-il point moyen de voir le dessous du jeu? Oui, l'Écriture. Mais j'ai les mains liées et la bouche muette; on me force à parler, et je ne suis pas en liberté; je suis fais d'une telle sorte que je ne puis croire. Que voulez-vous donc que je fasse?" Pascal can only reply that he must do as others in the like difficulty have done, take sacred water and have masses said. "Naturellement même cela vous fera croire et vous abêtera — mais c'est ce que je crains — et pourquoi? qu'avez-vous à perdre?" Such is this appalling argument in all its naked appeal to expediency. It has often been doubted whether all the hermit's excessive anxiety about his own soul was not a rather coarse form of selfishness. Here, at all events, a selfish system is reinforced by the appropriate arguments of a more than cool self-love. Meanwhile, however consistent Pascal's treatment of these questions may be with his Jansenism and his devotion to Montaigne, there occur obvious difficulties in comprehending his scheme. If there is no natural light of reason in men, if all purely human understanding and virtue are alike vitiated according to the doctrine of original sin, why write a book on Christian evidences at all? Yet that such was the intention of the "Pensées" is open to no doubt. The miracle performed on Marguerite Périer, Pascal's niece, the so-called miracle of the holy thorn, inspired Pascal with the idea of writing a work which should convince the world of the truth of Christianity. If the world could not apart from the grace of God, which was *ex hypothesi* absent, have any natural understanding, the value of Pascal's "Pensées" would be infinitesimal. Or again, how could, on Pascal's own

showing, a revelation of God to men be possible? "Parlons suivant les lumières naturelles. S'il y a un Dieu, il est infiniment incompréhensible, puisque n'ayant ni parties ni bornes, il n'a nul rapport à nous." But if God has no relation to men how can he reveal himself to men? Either the revelation is a fact, and then God must have some relation to men's faculties, or else it is not a fact and then the whole of Pascal's reconstruction of Christianity on the foundation of philosophical scepticism falls to the ground. But it is useless to argue with Pascal in the mood in which he wrote the "Pensées." It is more instructive to see how wide is the interval which separates the writer of these thoughts from the immortal author of the "Provincial Letters." Could the aim of the earlier work be better described than as the defence of reason against ecclesiastical pretensions? What meant the scathing ridicule of "le pouvoir prochain" and "la grâce suffisante" except to discredit that system of authoritative belief which was supported by the Jesuits? What doctrine could the advocate of Port Royal find more damaging to morality than "probabilism" and casuistry? Yet here is Pascal himself urging arguments of probabilism, and fighting the battle of those very Jesuits on whom he had before poured the righteous vials of his wrath. May a man use his private judgment, and decide by the light of the common understanding, whether truth be on this side or that? No; he must lower the colors of reason before authority: "pour nous as-sagir, il faut nous abestir," with a sure confidence that we have, as Pascal says, "nothing to lose." There was a Bishop of Avranches, one Huet, who adopts the precise attitude of Pascal, both in his attack on Cartesianism and in his recommendation of scepticism; but he was the friend of the Jesuits, served them all his life, and died in their communion. He was the author of a "Censure de la Philosophie Cartésienne," and still more of a "Traité Philosophique de la Foiblesse de l'Esprit Humain," in which he declares, after the manner of Pascal's "Le pyrrhonisme c'est le vrai," that "les sceptiques sont les seuls qui méritent le nom de philosophes." And Cousin has remarked that while none of the great writers of the seventeenth century ever mention Pascal's "Pensées," a warm recommendation comes from the school of La Rochefoucauld. Madame de Lafayette, who speaks as the secretary of the author of the "Maximes," declared, "C'est méchant

signe pour ceux qui ne goûteront pas ce livre." Huet and La Rochefoucauld, the Jesuits and the egoists, such are Pascal's new-found allies. It is not surprising that Nicole, the moralist of Port Royal, though he warmly co-operated in the "Provincial Letters," could not conceal his dislike for the "Thoughts," and that Arnauld, the Port-Royalist philosopher, "Arnauld, le grand Arnauld," as even Boileau describes him, should have done his best to erase from Pascal's posthumous work its sceptical tendencies. Speaking of Pascal's remarks on justice, which were conceived in the spirit of Montaigne, he says in a letter to M. Périer, "Pour vous parler franchement, je crois que cet endroit est insoutenable." A modern reader, who is not too much blinded by the well-merited glory of the "Provincial Letters," finds more passages than one which are "insoutenables."

If Pascal be compared with the other heroes of Port Royal, who were either his contemporaries or immediate predecessors — St. Cyran, Singlin, Arnauld, Nicole, De Saçi — it will be seen how different from theirs are both his character and his position. Singlin and De Saçi were the great confessors of Port Royal, men whose sweetness and sincerity made them noble, but who had towards culture and enlightenment either a neutral or a repellant attitude. De Saçi and Pascal were indeed united in one point, a common dislike to Descartes, but were alike in little else. According to De Saçi, Descartes was in relation to Aristotle as a robber who killed another robber and took off his spoils, and perhaps it was in some measure due to De Saçi, whose task it was to teach Pascal "mépriser les sciences," that his pupil wrote, "Je ne puis pardonner à Descartes." But Pascal, whose early training in science distinguished him from these clerics, outran them also in dogmatic zeal and polemical ability. Arnauld and Nicole, on the other hand, were men of much broader judgment and tolerant good sense than the author of the "Pensées." Both were opposed to him on the capital question of signing the formulary, desiring for the sake of peace to acquiesce in the wishes of their ecclesiastical superiors, while Pascal and his sister Jacqueline were for obstinate refusal. Both Nicole and Arnauld, again, were imbued with Cartesianism; the Port Royal logic which they wrote in common being a practical exposition of some of the principles of Descartes. And in the matter of scepticism and the Pyrrhonists they were equally

decided in their opposition to Pascal and Montaigne. "Le pyrrhonisme," wrote Nicole, "n'est pas une secte de gens qui soient persuadés de ce qu'ils disent, mais c'est une secte de menteurs." Neither Nicole nor Arnauld were, in fact, fanatics; and Nicole, who had never come under the influence of St. Cyran, even went so far as to substitute a theory of general grace for the special and peculiar grace of the Jansenists. Here Arnauld could not follow. In anything which touched on the authority of Jansen he was unalterably firm in his attachment to his master, the great St. Cyran. If there was one man who ruined Port Royal from the point of view of the world it was St. Cyran. Without him Port Royal would not have been famous, but it would have been safe. It was he who, owing to his friendship with Cornelius Jansen, forced upon the Cistercian monastery the doctrines of the "Augustinus," which afterwards led to the expulsion of Arnauld from the Sorbonne, and formed the immediate occasion for the "Provincial Letters." St. Cyran was at once a theologian and a great ruler of men. He wrote books which were the talk of his age, and Richelieu once pointed him out as "the most learned man in Europe." With his rare force of character he had also the power both to select the right men for his purpose and mould them as he would. It was he who saw the value of those two great engines of influence, education and the confessional; for he was the real author of the Port Royal schools, and through the mouth of Singlin and De Saçi he ruled over the consciences of the sisters and the penitents, even from the depths of his prison at Vincennes. His was the power and range of a great intellectual character, while Pascal's strength lay rather in the narrow intensity of his emotions.

The key-note to Pascal's character is seen by his sister, when she refers to his *humeur bouillante*. It was the passionate keenness of his disposition which explains at once his success and his failure. In the earlier stage of his life, when he was full of scientific tastes and predilections, there was nothing which he took up which he did not carry out with singular neatness and precision. Without the assistance of Euclid, he worked out for himself Euclid's propositions. His experiments on the Puy de Dôme formed the exact proof that was wanting to establish the fact of atmospheric pressure. He astonishes his age by inventing a calculating machine, and distances all other competitors in the

rapidity and completeness of his theory of the cycloid. When he turns from science to literature, there is the same originality, the same triumphant and rapid footstep, the same brilliance of result. He has not got the constructive and comprehensive mind of Descartes nor the erudition of Arnauld; but though he is the author of no system, his "Provincial Letters"—both in the exquisite raiillery of the earlier ones and the passionate rhetoric of the later—mark an era in the history of French prose and world-literature. But this intensity and keenness of character equally account for other traits in Pascal, which are not so amiable or so helpful to the world. They explain his sudden changes of life, his narrow enthusiasms, his wild fanaticism, his almost splendid wrong-headedness. There is some doubt whether Descartes suggested to Pascal the experiment on the Puy de Dôme in 1648, or whether the idea was wholly Pascal's own. But when a letter from Descartes is shown to Pascal by Carcavi the mathematician, claiming the originality of the idea, Pascal is outraged, affects first to despise the letter, and then angrily denies its truth. Yet both Baillet and Montucla, the first in his life of Descartes, the second in his "*Histoire des Mathématiques*," appear to prove that Pascal was anything but just to his predecessor. When in 1646 his father brings him into contact for the first time with Port Royalist teachers, it is Pascal whose young religious ardor serves to convert not only himself but his sister Jacqueline also. Jacqueline, indeed, affords many points of similarity with her brother; she has the same ardent zeal, the same inflexible devotion to that cause which she has once espoused. But this passionate sensibility to new ideas perhaps is more often found in women than in men, and in Pascal himself the gusty violence of his temperament often strikes one as feminine. The women, too, of Port Royal were at least the equal of the men, and La Mère Angelique and Jacqueline were hardly surpassed by Arnauld or Pascal himself. Yet Jacqueline is, at all events, more consistent than her brother. When once she is converted through her brother's instrumentality, she does not waver again, but carries through her decision to join the nuns even in the teeth of the opposition of both her father Etienne and her brother Blaise. But she has to bewail the comparative changeableness of the very man who first led her to become dead to the world, and when Pascal finally joined Port Royal in 1654, she

had already been for some years an inhabitant of the monastery. From 1652 to nearly the end of 1654, there is an interval of some two years and a half, during which Blaise Pascal has apparently forgotten his religious fervor, and has after the death of his father become master of his own fortunes and entered the gay world of Paris. How was that interval spent? It is difficult to say. He was certainly known in the salons of the capital, and probably figured in the assemblies of Madame de Sablé, Madame de Lafayette, and Madame de Longueville; and to the Port Royal ascetics he appeared indubitably as a worldling. Once launched in the gaieties of Paris, his keen ardor probably led him to satisfy his curiosity in amusements which might be indiscreet and were certainly unedifying. We are not without positive evidence on this point. To this period belongs that curious fragment which Cousin discovered, the "Discours sur les Passions de l'Amour," and though it is hard to imagine Pascal in love, yet Faugère has not hesitated to suggest that the object of his affection was the sister of his friend the Duc de Roannez. A somewhat dubious confirmation of Pascal's weaknesses is furnished by the memoirs of Fléchier cited by M. Gonod. It appears that a certain lady, "qui était la Sapho du pays," was to be found at Clarmont, and that "M. Pascal, qui s'est depuis acquis tant de réputation, et un autre savant, étaient continuellement auprès de cette belle savante." But perhaps it is more charitable to suppose that this amorous personage is not the same as our hero of the *humeur bouillante*.

Then succeeds that memorable change, called by his historians his second conversion, in the latter part of 1654, from which date Pascal is forever lost to science and to the world, and forever won for theology and the Church. It is prefaced by two events; first the accident at the Pont de Neuilly, when Pascal, driving in a carriage, sees his horses precipitated into the river, while he is himself preserved through the providential breaking of the traces; second, the experiences of the night of Monday, November 23rd, 1654. After Pascal's death a servant discovered in his waistcoat a little parcel which had been evidently worn, stitched up in his clothes, from day to day. The parcel contained two copies, one on parchment the other written on paper, of a marvellous document relating a vision or series of visions which had happened to him from 10.30 P. M. to 12.30 P. M. on the night in

question. The document begins with the mysterious word "Feu" and contains the following significant phrases among many others, which are of highly mystical import: "Dieu d'Abraham, Dieu d'Isaac, Dieu de Jacob; non des philosophes et des savans. Certitude, certitude, sentiments, vue, joie, paix. Oubli du monde, et de tout hormis Dieu. Reconciliation totale et douce. Soumission totale à Jesus-Christ et à mon directeur." This is the so-called "amulet" of Pascal. Amulet it was not, but rather the record of some singular and awful experiences which Pascal wished forever to remember. Whatever view we may take of it, it is certain that it marks the turning-point in his life. Henceforth, the adieux had been said to the society of Paris, and to the love of science, and the new life begins at Port Royal; the new life of monkish seclusion and fanatical austerity. To the God, not of philosophers and scientists, but of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the penitent turns. And he carries even into the changed conditions the wonted eagerness, the same passionate zeal, the old *humeur bouillante*. He will outdo all others in the ardor of his converted zeal. Arnauld might study Descartes, but for himself he could not forgive him. De Saçi might turn aside from knowledge and philosophy; Pascal will trample them under his feet. Let others make terms if they will with the Jesuits, he will expose all their casuistical chicanery and perverted morals. Nicole might wish the formulary to be signed, but Pascal and Jacqueline will stand out alone. Pascal himself fainted away at the idea of any proposed compromise with the enemies of Jansenism; and poor Jacqueline, signing at last the detested document with grave doubts and fears, dies shortly after of a broken heart. No one shall exceed Pascal as a zealot and a fanatic. His stormy vehemence of sacrifice shall include the sacrifice alike of philosophy and of himself.

Rarely, indeed, has there been such a zealot. The "Pensées" remain as the chief witness of the fact. But there are other evidences beside. His sister had to expostulate with him on his neglect of his ablutions and to remind him that godliness did not necessarily mean uncleanness. When he was dying he wanted to be carried to the Hospital of the Incurables to die among the poor. After he was dead, it was found that he carried an iron girdle with spikes which he was in the habit of pressing to his side when he felt anything which his sensitive mind

could call a temptation. And mark the almost savage fanaticism towards the ordinary feelings of humanity. See how he speaks of comedy in the very age which saw the triumphs of Molière. "Tous les grands divertissements sont dangereux pour la vie chrétienne; mais entre tous ceux que le monde a inventés, il n'y en a point qui soit plus à craindre que la comédie. C'est une représentation si naturelle et si délicate des passions, qu'elle les émeut et les fait naître dans notre cœur, et surtout celle de l'amour." How far we seem to be from Aristotle's appreciation of tragedy; how far, indeed, from Pascal's own discourse on love! But worse remains. He tells his married sister, Gilberte Périer, that she ought not to caress her own children or suffer them to caress her. When the question was raised of marrying one of his nieces, he even ventures to say that "the married state is no better than paganism in the eyes of God; to contrive this poor child's marriage is a kind of homicide, nay, Deicide, in her person." He will try even to exclude all human affection. "Le vrai et unique vertu," he cries, "est donc de se haïr. Il est injuste qu'on s'attache à moi, quoiqu'on le fasse avec plaisir et volontairement. Je tromperois ceux à qui j'en ferois naître le désir; car je ne suis la fin de personne, et n'ai pas de quoi les satisfaire."

Yet the great heart of humanity is greater than that of Pascal; and, despite his disapproval, it can find in him something to love. Vigor, enthusiasm, devotion, such qualities we can admire; but there is enough in him of the common warmth of human feeling even to win our tears. Madame Périer tells us that as he was returning one day from mass at St. Sulpice, he was met by a young girl about fifteen years of age and very beautiful, who asked an alms. He was touched to see the girl exposed to such obvious danger, and asked her who she was. Having learned that her father was dead and that her mother had been taken to the Hôtel Dieu that very day, he thought that God had sent her to him as soon as she was in want; so without delay he took her to the seminary, and put her into the hands of a good priest, to whom he gave money, and whom he begged to take care of her and to place her in some situation where, on account of her youth, she might have good advice and be safe. And to assist him in his care, he said that he would send next day a woman to buy clothes for her, and all that might be necessary to

enable her to go to service. The ecclesiastic wished to know the name of him who was doing this charitable act: "for," said he, "I think it is so noble that I cannot suffer it to remain in obscurity." Such an act is worth a good many "Pensées."

W. L. COURTNEY.

From Chambers' Journal.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"  
"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

SEVEN RED WINDOWS.

A CURIOUS sight it was to see Cable breaking stones on an early summer day, with his children about him, sitting on the heap, playing in the road, crouching into the hedge, and at noon clustering round him whilst he divided among them the cold potato pasty that constituted the family dinner. But it was on Saturday only that this little conclave assembled, when there was no school. On all other days the elder children were learning their letters and the art of sewing in the national school. The winter had passed hardly for Richard Cable, and for his mother, who had become infirm with age and trouble. She did not complain; but her face was paler and more sharp in feature, her movements were less rapid, her hair had become grayer. A tree ill bears transplantation, and Bessie had been uprooted from a comfortable home, from associations sad, painful, and yet cherished as associations, and carried away to a strange corner of Britain, where she was subjected to hardships to which she was unaccustomed. The work Richard got was not such as to bring in much pay, and it was not work for an able-bodied man. Sometimes he sat on the side of the road against the hedge and broke stones with a long hammer; at others he hobbled about the road scraping it and cleaning the water-runlets. He got very wet over his work, and then rheumatism made itself felt in his weak thigh.

One consideration troubled Richard Cable night and day, and the trouble grew as the children oldened. How could the cottage be made to accommodate them all when they were grown up? How could his scanty earnings be made to sustain the whole family when the children were young women and exacted more of him?



Would he be constrained to send his daughters into service? The notion galled him. He racked his brains to discover what situations would be suitable for them, and how they could be guarded from harm when in them, away from their grandmother's watchful eye and his protecting arm. He could not endure the thought of his darlings separated from himself and from one another, dispersed among farmhouses, surrounded by coarse associates, hearing loose talk, seeing unbecoming sights. He dreamed of his Mary or his Martha or Effie in such associations, and woke, flinging his arms about, crying out, leaping from his bed to throttle those who thus offended his little ones.

As he sat breaking stones, sometimes the mica in the stones glittered in the sun; he wondered whether he should chance on a nugget of gold or a thread of silver, and so make his fortune. But such an idea, when it rose, embittered him the more. No; there was no chance of his finding gold thus; for that, he must go to California, and that he could not do, because he might not leave his helpless children. Silver! If he lit on a vein, what would it profit him? Others would enter in and quarry the precious metal; the mining captain, the men, the lord of the manor, the shareholders, would reap the silver; not a coin minted out of it would come to his pocket who discovered the lode.

All at once Richard Cable left the parish church of St. Kerian and attended the Wesleyan meeting-house. What was his reason? It was no other than this: The rector had a large family, growing up; they sat in a pew near the beautiful old carved and gilt oak screen; and Cable could not endure to see them there on Sunday, and to listen to the voice of a pastor who was able to retain his eldest daughter, aged twenty-three, in the parsonage; also his second, aged twenty; and his third, aged eighteen. Why should the rector be thus privileged, and he himself be without the means of making a home for his children when they were grown up? The ways of Providence were not equal. He gave up going to chapel after a few months, because he was at war with Providence, after which the chapel was named. He beat the stones to pieces with a vindictive hate, as though he were breaking up the social order and reducing all men to one size and ruggedness. The farmer who was principal shareholder and mainstay of Providence Chapel had built him-

self a new house. Why should he be capable of adding three new rooms to his dwelling, and he, Dicky Cable, be unable to enlarge his cob cottage without encroaching on his garden?

Then his mind turned back to Hanford. He thought of the Hall that might have been his, had Gabriel Gotham behaved rightly to his mother. He knew that house well now, and he took a grim pleasure in considering how he would have disposed of the rooms for the accommodation of his dear ones. The little rose room, that would have done for the twins; and Mary, sweet Mary, should have had the blue room looking out on the terrace, with the window over the door. The yellow room would have gone to his mother and baby Bessie. Lettice and Susie could have revelled in the lavender room, so called because it always smelt of lavender. How happy the children would have been there! How sweet would have been the sound of their voices as they played among the bushes of laburnum and syringa! The idea was enticing; but Richard never for a moment regretted having refused the offer made him.

His brief life in the Hall had left an indelible mark on him other than that which has been mentioned. In spite of himself, he had been forced to contrast the habits of the cultured with those of the class to which he belonged; and his clear good sense showed him that there were vulgarities and roughnesses that might be sloughed away with advantage; that there were merits as well as demerits in civilization. Involuntarily, his mind was caught by these points, and hung on them, and he began to correct in himself little uncouthnesses, and to insist on attention to these matters in his children. In Bessie Cable there had ever been a refinement and grace of manner above her position, due to her early association with Gabriel and the rest of the Gotham family; but Richard had not regarded this or sought to acquire it. Now he appreciated it, and was painfully anxious that his children should acquire it. Indeed, with them there was no difficulty; they had instinctive delicacy and refinement. They had the look of little ladies, with their transparent skins, fine bones, and graceful shapes.

"You're swelling out of your clothes," said Farmer Tregurtha one day as he came on Richard sitting on the bench at his cottage door, looking at his children.

"What do you mean?" asked Cable.

"So proud," answered Tregurtha, laughing, "proud wi' contemplating them seven little mites."

"And I've a cause," said Richard, holding up his head.

He could not get over his difficulty about housing the little girls as they grew older. He could not raise the roof and add a story, as the clay walls would not bear the superstructure; and to add to the cottage laterally was to rob his garden.

One night, after Cable had been fuming in mind over this trouble all day, he had a remarkable dream. From his bedroom he could look through a tiny window away to a green sloping hillside, which had its head clothed with dense oak coppice. He had often looked out at this hill and thought nothing of the prospect. This night, however, he dreamed that, as he lay in bed, he was gazing through the window; and although it was night, he saw the whole of that slope and the wood, and the granite tors and the moor clothed in heather and gorse behind it, bathed in glorious sunlight. But what was new and remarkable in the landscape was that, on the slope, where now lay a grass field, standing with its back to the coppice stood Hanford Hall. There was no mistaking the house, with its white walls, and windows painted Indian-red, and the great door opening on to the terrace. There it stood, with its flight of stone steps down the slope in three stages. Moreover, he saw himself standing in the doorway, and one of his children's heads peeping out of each window. There was Mary looking from the blue room, and Effie from the rose room, and Susie from the lavender room, and Martha from the yellow room. Only he could not make out whether little Bessie were there, and from which window her dear innocent little face, with its look of pain ever on it, was visible. The house had an air of comfort about it, and a freshness, such as Hanford Hall lacked. It had lawn and flower-garden before it, and gravelled walks; and a summer-house where at Hanford stood the windstrew, a summer-house with a conical roof and a gilt ball at the top. This was the only completely novel feature in the scene. He knew the St. Kerian landscape. He knew the front of the house at Hanford, and of course his children's faces were familiar to him. Why, then, was a perfectly new feature introduced, and how was it that such a jumble of disconnected objects and scenery should occur to him?

When Richard awoke, the dream had

made such an impression on his mind that he was unable to shake it off. Only one point puzzled him—the arrangement of the windows. How were they set in front of the house so that there should be seven windows? If he had two on the right and two above, also two on the left and two above, and one over the door, that would make nine. If he had four on one side and two on the other, and one above the door, that indeed would be seven; but the house would be lopsided. He tried to recall how the windows were at Hanford, and was unable to recollect. All day he puzzled over the problem. As he went through the village, he met the mason.

"Mr. Spry," said he, "how could I build a house on Summerleaze with seven red windows in the front and a door?"

"Summerleaze!" exclaimed the mason. "Why, sure, that belongs to Farmer Tregurtha. You're surely not a-going to build there?"

"Never mind about that," said Cable hastily. "All I ask is, how can I have seven red windows in the front of a house, with a door to go in at?"

"You about to build!" exclaimed Spry. "Wonders will never cease! Where is the money to come from? Show me that, and I'll consider the question how to build with it."

"I want to know how there could be seven red windows in the front of a house, as well as a door, and the front of the house not look crooked and queer?"

"What be the good of puzzling over that, when the land ain't yourn, nor the money itself to build with." Then he pushed on his way, and left Cable unanswered.

That same day Cable was seated by the roadside. He had broken his pasty into eight pieces; but little Lettice had cried for more, and he had given her his portion, contenting himself with the crumbs. He was hungry and irritable, teased with his dream, and angry at the mason for the contemptuous way in which he had left him with his problem unsolved. All at once he heard a voice above him, and looking up, saw Farmer Tregurtha standing in his field behind the hedge, gazing down on him and on the little shining heads on which the sun was blazing.

"Hullo! Dick," shouted the farmer, "what's the meaning of this I hear? Spry has been talking all over the village that you are about to buy my land of me whether I want to sell or no. I did not know you were flush of money and wished to extend your acres!" Tregurtha had

dined; he was in a jovial mood. Cable was empty, and an empty stomach makes a bitter soul.

"I'll telly' what," said the farmer; "your little ones will come to a work-house sooner than to a mansion on Summerleaze."

Then Cable began to tremble. With difficulty he rose to his feet, and looked hard at the face of Tregurtha—a red, good-natured, rough face. He looked beyond, and saw the green meadow that reached up to the oak coppice, and beyond the coppice rose the heathy moor to the granite tors. Then his eyes fell, and he saw his seven little girls looking up at him, wondering, not understanding what was going on—six pairs of blue eyes, only those of Bessie brown like her mother's. Spots of red came on his temples, and sparks danced in his eyes.

"Come, Dicky," said Tregurtha, "shall we deal?" And the farmer guffawed.

Then Cable turned deadly white. The laugh stung him. It was insulting, though not intended to offend.

"Come, Dicky, you shall have it for one hundred and fifty pounds."

"How long will you wait?"

"Ten, twenty, forty years—till Doomsday, when you are like to have the money," Again Tregurtha laughed.

Then Cable set his teeth, and hardly knowing what he said, he held out his empty hand towards Tregurtha, and cried: "Wait, wait! I will buy your land; and there, against yon wood, my house shall stand, grander than any in St. Kerian, bigger than the parsonage, plastered white, and roofed with slate, and with seven red windows in the front, one for each of my little girls to look out of."

"All right," answered Tregurtha. "May I live to see it—when the world is turned topsy-turvy." Then he went away.

Cable resealed himself at the stone-heap. He was still trembling. He was in no mood now to speak with his children. "Run home," he said to them. "Mary, take them away; I must return to my work."

Then Mary held out her hand to Bessie, who could just toddle, and Effie held Bessie by the other hand. Martha took the hand of Effie that was disengaged, and Lettice the free hand of Martha, and Jane that of Susie; and so the seven little creatures walked away, casting seven little shadows on the white road; and Richard Cable looked after them, and when they had turned a corner, covered his face and

wept like a woman. When he came home in the evening, he was whistling a tune, to let the little ones suppose that he was in good spirits. He turned out a caldron of boiled turnips and Essex doughnuts into seven little soup-plates, and seven little stools were set at the table. Cable sat by the fire with his dish on his knees and a spoon in his hand, eating a mouthful, and then watching the children; but all the while his mind was on the house with seven red windows.

When they had finished their supper, Mrs. Cable undressed and washed the children; and Richard took them one after the other on his knee and combed their hair and kissed their cherry lips, and made them all kneel together round him and fold their hands and close their eyes and say "Our Father." But his heart was not with them when they prayed; it was sealed. When they had finished "Amen," he carried each in his arms, clinging to his neck, and put them one by one to bed. Little Bessie would not go to sleep that night unless he sat by her and let her hold his hand. He submitted, and watched the closing eyes of the child.

When all the seven were breathing softly in sleep, Cable mended some shoes and knitted some stockings, and carpentered at a broken stool. Then he went up to his bedroom. The moon was shining through the window. He opened it, and leaning on the sill, looked out. The moon floated like a silver bowl on the indigo blue heaven-sea. Here was the very bowl in which St. Kerian had rowed to the earthly Paradise; there, dusky, in it was discernible the form of the rowing saint. Below lay the village, bathed in pearly light. The granite church tower with its pinnacles turned outwards, glittered against the bank of black yews between it and the parsonage. The only other light was that from the forge, red, palpitating. Why was the smith working so late? Ah! he could earn money, a good deal of money, by hammering and turning his iron after usual hours, but much was not to be got out of breaking stones for the road.

Richard Cable wiped the perspiration from his brow. A great struggle was going on in his breast. There was money, abundance of money to be had for the asking, money that, he was told, was now lying idle and accumulating. Should he put out his hand and accept some of it? He would not be obliged to communicate with Josephine, only with the Hanford lawyer. What was before him if he re-

mained at St. Kerian? Only privations and cares, the parting with his children. His soul was full of sores; and this day a rough hand had brushed over the quivering nerves, and brought the sweat of agony to his brow, and the tears of humiliation over his cheeks. But for all that, he could not resolve to touch the money offered him. It would be a condoning of the wrongs offered by Gabriel Gotham to his mother, and of those offered him by Josephine.

"It must be somehow, but not that way," he said. "I will have the house, like Hanford Hall, of my own building, with the seven red windows, as in my dream. I will think of nothing now but how I may come at it."

#### CHAPTER XLII.

##### A GOLDEN PLUM.

NOTHING is more simple. Fortunes sits on a cloud and lets down golden plums suspended by a hair into this nether world of ours. Those of us who are wide awake and on the lookout for plums, the moment we see the golden drop descend, dash past our neighbors, kick their shins to make them step aside, tread them down if they obstruct our course, jostle them apart; and before they have pulled their hands out of their pockets and rubbed their eyes or their bruised shins, and have asked all round, Where is the plum? we have it in our mouths, have sucked it, and spit the stone out at their feet.

No sooner is one golden plum snatched and carried off, than fortune, with a good-humored smile, attaches another to her thread, and lets it down through the clear air into our midst. What a busy, swarming world ours is, and all the millions that run about are looking for the plums in the wrong places! It is said that the safest place in a thunderstorm is the spot where lightning has already fallen, because it is ten thousand chances to one against the electric bolt descending in the same place again. With fortune's plums we may be sure that the unlikely corner in which to come across one is that where a plum has already been let down. No man when he fishes whips the stream precisely where he whipped last. But this is what few consider. The moment one of us has caught and bolted a plum, there is a rush to the spot, and even a scramble for the stone we have thrown away—and see! all the while behind the backs of the scramblers a golden fruit is dangling, and fortune shakes her sides with laughter to

observe the swarm tossing and heading at the sucked stone, whilst a single knowing one quietly comes up and takes her newly offered plum. The eyes of all the rest are turned in the opposite direction till the opportunity is lost.

In this chapter I am going to relate how Richard Cable caught sight of and got hold of one of fortune's golden plums; not, indeed, a very large one, but one large enough to satisfy his requirements. It came about in the simplest way, and it came about also in the way least expected.

"Hullooh!"

Whilst Cable was breaking stones on the roadside, Jacob Corye stood before him. He had not seen the host of the Magpie since he had left his roof, nearly a year ago. Since his departure, Richard had occasionally spoken to his mother about Corye, and had told her that the sufferings he had undergone from the weariful talk of the landlord had almost equalled those he endured from his injured thigh. Now that he heard the saw-like voice of Jacob, he looked up and answered ungraciously. He was ill-pleased to renew acquaintance with the man, and be subjected again to his tedious prosing about the rearing and raising and fattening of young stock. Yet that moment was a critical one; on it hung Richard's fortune. Jacob himself had caught a glimpse of the golden plum, and with rare generosity, or rather, with by no means singular stupidity, was about to put it into Richard Cable's mouth, and Richard was like a child offered a rare fruit, that bites cautiously, and turns the piece about in the mouth, considering its flavor, and then, at once, having satisfied itself that the quality is excellent, takes the plum at a gulp.

"Hullooh!" said Jacob Corye, standing before Richard, with his hands in his pockets and his legs wide apart, with a pipe in his mouth, and speaking with difficulty and indistinctly because of the pipe, which he was too lazy to remove. "How be you a-getting on in the world, eh? I needn't ask that, cap'n, when I seez you come down to stone-knacking for a living."

"If you see that, why do you ask?" inquired Cable irritably.

Jacob continued imperturbably: "I reckon you're a bit disappointed with your house. The garden ain't much for the raising and fattening of seven little maids."

Richard did not answer. He frowned and continued hammering.

"I reckon you're pretty well on wi' the

stone-breaking," said Corye. "What'll you be on to next?"

"Whatever turns up," replied Cable curtly.

"That's just it," the host of the Magpie said; "and I've come here to look you up and make you an offer. I've been a-troubling and a-worriting my head ever since I came to think at all, about the rearing and the raising of young stock, and how to get rid of the regraders' profits. I don't mean to get rid of 'em either; I mean to get the profits for myself and do without the regraders. Well, cap'n, I've figured it out on a bit o' paper. I couldn't get my ideas into order no other way. Doy' look here. There's manganese in St. Kerian, ain't there?"

"Yes," answered Cable. "You can see that for yourself."

"So I have. I seed the washing-floors, and the water running red as riddam [feruginous water] away from them. There be three or four washing-floors, ain't there?"

"Yes. You can count them if you are curious; I am not."

"Oh, I've nothing to do wi' manganese," continued Jacob, "more than this — that my meaning is, just as the magnanese has to be washed in this tank, and then in thicky [that one], and every time it is washed you get rid of the rummage and get more o' the metal, so is it with ideas. I've got an idea or two in my head, and I've been a-stirring and a-scouring of it over and over for years; but I can't get rid of the rummage; there must be another floor on which to give it a second wash before we get at the pure metal. So my meaning is, I want you to take into consideration what I've a-said about the raising and rearing and fattening of young stock, and give it a second wash in your brain; and then, I reckon, something'll come of it. It be them blessed regraders as has to be got rid of — washed out of the cattle, so to speak."

"Go on," said Richard. He knew his man — that there would be no getting rid of him till he had talked himself out.

"Doy' look here," continued Jacob, leisurely taking one hand out of his pocket, tapping the ashes from his pipe, replacing his pipe between his lips, in the corner of his mouth, and then his hand in his pocket. "When one of the quarriers or masons goes on to the tors after granite, it ain't every piece as will serve his purpose. He may spend a day over what seems a fitty [fitting] piece; and then may discover, when he's half cut it, that it's

beddy [liable to split], or so full of horse-teeth [spar] that he can make nothing out of it, and all his labor is thrown away. Now, I want you to lay hold of my idea, and turn it out with a crowbar from where it lies in the bog — that is, my head — and split it up and see whether it is beddy or horsetoothy, or whether there's good stuff in it for use. I can't do it myself; I've not had the education. I can show you a score of ideas bogged in my brains; but I can't tell you whether they're workable and shapable. Now, I ax you to do that; and I'll send you a kilderkin of Magpie ale for your trouble, if you can find what is usable in my ideas; and, for a beginning, the rearing and the raising and the fattening of young cattle."

"I should have supposed that was the only idea in the bog you call your intellect."

"There you're wrong," said Corye, by no means affronted. "It is the most remarkable and conspicuous idea, that's all. My mind is like Carnvean Moor. If you go over it, you see the Long Man, a great old ancient stone about twenty feet high, standing upright, that they tell was an idol in the times of the Romans. When you go over the moor, you can see naught but the Long Man; but do you suppose there be no more granite there than thicky great stone? If it were took away, you'd find scores on scores of pieces lying about, more than half covered wi' peat and furze and heather."

"Go on, then, with your Long Man."

"I'm a-going along as quick as I can; but I can't go faster."

Jacob smoked leisurely for some minutes, contemplating Cable, who worked on without regarding him.

"It's ali very well saying go on, when one has an idea, but it ain't possible. If I hadn't an idea, I could gallop. It is just the same with the miller's donkey; when the boys get a sack of flour over the donkey's back, the donkey goes at a walk and cautiously. What do you mean by hollering 'Go on!' to him then? He can't gallop his donkey because of the sack of flour across it. So is it with me. I must go along quietly and cautiously, at a foot-pace, because I've got this idea over the back of my intellect; if there were none there, I'd go on at a gallop."

"Then go on at your own pace," said Cable, "and don't zigzag."

Richard sat breaking the stones and listening at first inattentively to the prosing of the host of the Magpie; but little by little his interest was aroused, and when



it was, then he forgot his work. The breaking of the stones became less vigorous, till at last Richard sat looking dreamily before him with the haft of the hammer in his hands and the head resting on a stone. He no more raised the hammer over the stones that day, but hobbled home in a brown study. The thoughts of Jacob Corye, when washed on the floor of his brain, proved to be sterling metal; or, to take another of the landlord's similes, the Long Man of his boggy mind when chipped by Cable's tool proved to be sound stone.

I need not give my readers the turbid talk of Jacob for them to wash, but will let them have the scheme of the innkeeper after it had been sifted and arranged by Cable.

St. Kerian lies eleven miles from Launceston, which is its nearest town. Thither the farmers have to drive their bullocks and sheep for sale. It is even worse for those near the coast; they have to send them some fifteen or twenty miles. At Launceston market the cattle are sold to jobbers, who drive them along the great highroad called Old Street—ancient, no doubt, in Roman times—to Exeter, a distance of thirty-eight or forty miles, where they are resold to dealers from Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, and even Berkshire. Of late years the South-Western line has run to Plymouth by Exeter and Okehampton, so that cattle have been trucked at Lydford, Bridestowe, or Okehampton. Quite recently, in 1886, the South-Western has carried a line into Launceston; but at the time of which I write, the line had not come nearer than Exeter, thirty-eight miles from Launceston, and fifty from St. Kerian, and some sixty from the coast.

Now Jacob Corye had picked up scraps of information from the coastguard, some of whom came from Gloucestershire and Somersetshire. From them he learned that the farming done there was dairy farming. Butter and cheese were made and sold at Bath, Bristol, and in London. The land was good, the pastures rich; no stock was raised there—it did not pay to raise stock, or it did not pay so well as dairy farming. Along the north coast of Cornwall the land was poor, and exposed to the western sea-gales. Only in the bottoms of the valleys was good pasture and rich alluvial soil. There was a great deal of white clay about, lying in bars from east to west on the hillsides, sometimes filling the valley bottoms; and where that was, nothing would grow but

scant grass and rushes, and sheep put on it were certain to rot. This land did well enough for young stock, and was worth from five to ten shillings an acre; but it was fit for nothing else. Corye considered that when the farmers sold their cattle at Launceston, the jobbers who drove them to Okehampton or to Exeter and resold them, made a tidy profit; so did the dealers who bought them at Okehampton or Exeter and trucked them on into Somerset, or Gloucester, or Berks. There were at least two profits made out of the bullocks and heifers before they reached their ultimate destination.

Then, again, the dairy farmers, after their cows had calved, wanted to get rid of the calves; it did not pay them to rear them on their dairy land. On the other hand, the north-Cornish farmers could not get calves enough to rear on their poor land. When it came to fattening the young stock, they could not do it; they had not good pasturage for that; therefore, they were forced to sell, and sell cheap. In precisely the same manner, the farmers in the dairy counties sold their calves cheap. The bullocks they did not want at all, and the heifers they wanted after they were grown into cows, but not before. So sometimes calves from Somerset travelled down into Cornwall, and travelled back again, after a lapse of a couple of years, into Somerset; and as they went down, they passed through two or three dealers hands, leaving coin in their several palms; and as they went up, they passed through the same hands, and again left coin in their several palms.

Now Corye saw this confusedly. He had tried his utmost to clear the matter by using a stump of a pencil and a bit of paper, but had only succeeded in further bewildering himself. Cable saw his way at once. There flashed on his eyes the gold of the plum, and he put out his hand for it. He did not take long to consider. He at once offered Corye to drive his stock to Exeter, to truck them there, and go up country with them, and dispose of them in Somersetshire or Gloucestershire. By this means he would save the profits of at least two intermediaries. He proposed that one of these profits should go to Corye, the other to himself. Jacob Corye was to provide him with a cob on which to ride, and was to advance him a small sum sufficient for the maintenance of his children during his absence. Whatever Corye advanced to him, he was to deduct from Cable's share of the profits on his return. The scheme was so simple and practica-

ble that the host of the Magpie closed with the offer at once. It was a relief to him to find that his ideas were being put into practical shape. This pleased him more than the prospect of making money.

"You see," said he, shaking hands again and again with Cable, "I've ideas, but they're bogged."

"Do more," said Richard, "than send your own stock; buy of your neighbors, that I may have a large drove. The larger the drove, so long as it is manageable, the more the money that will come in."

"Doy' look here," said Jacob. "I'm a liberal man wi' them as deals liberal wi' me. I'll keep all your little maids on Magpie ale as long as you're away, and no charge. I said a kilderkin, I say two."

"Thank you," answered Richard. "The little girls drink only water and milk."

Cable finished the work he had to do for the waywardens on the road; he said nothing to any one in St. Kerian except his mother about his projected journey; but he went over to the Magpie once, before starting, to concert plans, and see a coastguardman who came out of Somersetshire, and who, Corye thought, might be of use to him. The man was anxious to send a message home, and with the message some Cornish crystals set in bog-oak as a brooch for his sister, who kept an inn near Bath; also some specimens of peacock copper, and spar with tin ore in it, and mundic. These samples of the riches of Cornwall would interest the Somersetshire folk of his native village of Bewdley. Cable took the names of some of the farmers about the place, and promised to lodge at the inn and give the specimens and the brooch.

"My sister," said the coastguardman, "has a lot o' little childer; but I haven't seen none but the eldest, whom she calls Mary."

"Her eldest — Mary!" exclaimed Richard. "I'm certain to put up with her. What is her inn?"

"The Otterbourne Arms. It belongs to an old lady who is squiress of the place, called Otterbourne."

Richard received his instructions from Jacob; they were confused and unintelligible. He almost offended him and brought the agreement to a condition of rupture by declining Magpie beer.

"I've a notion of taking the pledge," he said.

"More's the reason you should take a drop now, afore you does," argued Corye.

The night before his departure, Richard Cable could not sleep. He saw that the golden plum was let down within his reach, and he had his hand on it. There remained to him only to bite into the rich fruit. But in this case, as in all other in this world, every good thing brings with it something bad — there is no gain without loss. If he were about to rise from want to plenty, he must consent to be much parted from his children. What this meant to him, few can understand. We all have our interests, our friends, our studies, and although we love our children, they do not engross our whole thoughts, occupy our hearts to the exclusion of everything else. With Richard Cable it was otherwise. He had no friends, no acquaintances, no pursuits, no interests apart from his children. He lived for nothing else, he thought of nothing else. He worked for nothing else; he loved nothing else, except only his mother. The wrench to him was almost unendurable. He had given up the thought of going to sea after his accident, because he could not bear to be parted from them; and now he only left them because he had resolved to make his dream come true, and in no other way that he could see was that dream to be realized.

Richard kept a little lamp alight all night before he left home, because he left his bed every hour to look at one after another of the seven little sleeping heads, and to wonder which he could best spare, should it please that Providence which so ill-used him to take one away whilst he was absent. He found that he could not part with dearest Mary, so thoughtful and forbearing with others, so full of love and kindness to the youngest ones — so like a little mother to them, though she was only fourteen years old; nor with Effie, so sprightly, with her twinkling eyes, and that dimple in her ever-laughing cheek; nor with Jane, who clung to Effie, being her twin sister, and who must go if Effie went; nor with Martha, who had such endearing, coaxing ways; nor with Lettice, with a voice like a lark, so shrill, yet withal so clear and sweet; nor with Susie the pickle, who already knew her letters, and could say Ba — Ba, and one and two makes three; no — she said Ba spells sheep, and one and two makes four; no, not with Bessie the baby, Bessie, whom, after all, it would be best that God should take. No, no, no — ten thousand times, no!

## CHAPTER XLIII.

## A LOW LOT.

WHEN the morning broke, Richard Cable did not dare to kiss the white brows or the rosy cheeks of his sleeping children; but he took little locks of their shining hair between his fingers and put his lips to them, and dropped over each alike a clear teardrop, and then went away before the seven pairs of bright eyes opened, and the little voices began to chirp and laugh and chatter.

Richard Cable drove his herd of young cattle all the way from St. Kerian to Exeter, some fifty miles. There he trucked them on the Bristol and Exeter line, and travelled with them into Somersetshire, where he disposed of them to such advantage that he was well content. But he would not return with only money in his pocket. He had a van constructed, very light, on four wheels, for his cob, and he bought as many calves, a week or ten days old, as he could convey in this van.

He made Bewdley his headquarters, and stayed at the Otterbourne Arms, where was the landlady, Mrs. Stokes, the sister of the coastguardman at Pentargon. To her he remitted the spar, and the mundic, and the brooch of bog-oak with Cornish crystals in it. She was a tidy, red-cheeked woman, with many children. Among these was a Mary, the eldest, as Cable had been told there would be. He took great delight in talking to and playing with this little girl, and also in listening to the crowing and laughing, and occasional crying, of the rest of the family. They recalled to him sounds very familiar and very dear. He looked long and curiously at the little Stokes children, and thought how vastly inferior to his own they were in every particular, in manners and in appearance. He did not allow the landlady to see that he drew comparisons between her children and his own — that he considered the blue of his Mary's eyes purer and deeper and truer in color than that of the irises of her Mary — that there was richer gold and gold more abundant in the hair of his eldest daughter than crowned her first daughter. He had not the coarse pride which would suffer him to do this, and wound the good woman's vanity; but he thought it, nay, he knew it; he was as positive that all superiority in every way lay with his children and his Mary, as that an English soldier could thrash a dozen Frenchmen.

Cable was a temperate man. He remembered that terrible night when he let little

Bessie fall. He never got that experience out of his mind; consequently, he was on his guard against the temptations of a cattle-jobber's life — the sealing of every bargain with a drink. So he drank cold toast-and-water when he could, but he had taken no pledge. "What's the good of a pledge to me?" he asked himself. "I've only to think of Bessie's back, and if I had the best spirits in the world before me, I would not touch it."

"Have you any relatives this way?" asked Mrs. Stokes one Saturday evening. "There's a young woman of your name at the Hall, a lady's maid to Miss Otterbourne."

"I have no relatives," answered Richard, "but the seven and my mother who are under my roof at St. Kerian, in Cornwall."

"'Tis a curious and outlandish sort of a name too," said Mrs. Stokes. "I mean, it ain't a name one expects to come across twice in a lifetime."

Richard shrugged his shoulders.

"Here comes Mr. Polkinghorn, the footmah," said the landlady. "He does come here at times to see if there be any one to have a talk with. He can tell you all about your namesake."

"I am not interested about her," answered Richard. "I have none that belong to me save the seven and my mother, and they — I know where they are, under my own roof."

"Good-evening, Mr. Polkinghorn; how do you find yourself? And how is Miss Otterbourne?"

"We are both of us pretty well. She's been suffering a little from nettle rash, that has made her fractious, and she has rung the bell outrageous; but she's better now, and I'm middling, thank you. Worried with her nettle rash and the constant ringing of the bell caused by the irritation. First, it was the blinds were not drawn to her fancy; then it was she wanted a lump of coal with the wood in the grate; and then the Venetian blinds must come down, or be turned, or pulled up; and then the geranium or pelargonium on the table — I'm blessed, Mrs. Stokes, if I know what is the difference between a geranium and a pelargonium — wanted water; or she desired another book from the library. It really is wonderful, Mrs. Stokes — I'll have a glass of beer, thank you — how a little matter upsets a whole household. It comes of lobster mayonnaise or cucumber, one or t'other, which don't agree with the old woman. If she takes either of them, and she's roaring fond of them,

she gets eruptions, generally nettle rash; and when she's got eruptions, it disturbs us all, keeps the whole household capering; one has to go for the doctor, another has to get cooling fomentations, and her temper is that awful, it is a wonder we stand it. But we know her, and put it down to disorder of the system. We must bear and forbear; must we not, Mrs. Stokes? so we pass over all the aggravations, as good Christians and philanthropists."

"You've not been introduced," said the hostess. "You don't know this gentleman, Mr. Cable of Cornwall."

"Cornwall!" exclaimed the footman. "You don't happen to have come across the manor and mansion of Polkinghorn anywhere thereabouts, do you? Our family come from the west of England, and have a lordship called after us; but I don't exactly know where it is. Still, it's traditional in the family that there is one. We've come down in life; but so have many great folks; and, sir, what are our British aristocracy now? — mushrooms, sir, creatures of to-day. Bankers and brewers and civil engineers, who were not even known, who had not lifted their heads out of the dust, when the Polkinghorns were lords of manors and drove their coach-and-four."

Mrs. Stokes produced the ale.

"I'll take a mouthful of bread and cheese with it," said the footman, who was not now in livery. "So you, sir, are called Cable. We've a Cable among us."

"Do you mean among the Polkinghorns?"

"Polkinghorns, sir!" said the footman, bridling up. "I do not, sir, think such a name as Cable has found its way among us, into our tree, sir. I alluded to an inmate of the Hall, sir, a lady's maid there, who is a Rope or a Cable, or something of that sort — possibly, as she is not stout, merely a Twine." Then, as he finished his glass of ale: "Excuse my freedom, sir; I am generally accounted a wit. I once sent a trifle to *Punch*."

"Was it inserted?"

"I sent it, sir; that suffices. I do not myself suppose that our Cable does belong to you. There is a lack of style — a want of finish — you understand me, which proclaims inferiority. Not bad-looking, either, is Miss Josephine."

"What!" shouted Cable, springing to his feet and striking the table. "What did you say?"

Mr. Polkinghorn stared at him and

backed his chair from the table. He did not like the expression on the stranger's face; he thought the man might be a lunatic; therefore, with great presence of mind, he drew the cheese-knife from his plate and secreted it in the pocket of his short coat.

"I asked you a question," cried Richard. "What did you say?"

"Merely, sir, merely that — that we have a lady's maid attending on our old woman who is good-looking, but wanting in what I should consider — breeding. If she be a relative, I am sorry —"

"What is her name?"

"Josephine Cable."

"How long has she been with you?"

"Since last September. She was well recommended; she brought excellent testimonials. Her character quite irreproachable — from some good friends of ours, the Sellwoods of Essex, a respectable family, unfortunate in having gone into the Church. I should have preferred the army for them."

"Why is she —" Cable stopped; he was trembling. He put his hand to the table to steady himself. "I mean — who is she?"

"I do not know," answered Mr. Polkinghorn. "She is uncommunicative; that is what I mean when I say she has not the breed of a lady. She ain't at her ease and familiar with us. She is reserved, as she might call it; awkward, as I should say. If we ask her questions, she don't answer. She's maybe frightened at finding herself in such high society; and I'm not surprised. I don't fancy she was in other than a third-class situation before — with some people in business or profession — not real aristocrats. That does make a person feel out of her element when she rises to our walk of life. It is just the same as if you were to invite a common sailor to a dinner-party among millionaires and aristocrats — how would he feel? He'd look this way and that and be without power of speech. He wouldn't know where to put his feet and how to behave himself. It is much the same with Miss Cable. She's not been brought up to our line of life, and don't understand it, and is as miserable among us as a common sailor would be among gentleman and ladies."

"Did you say *Miss* Cable?"

"To be sure I did. I don't suppose she's a married woman. She wears no gold wedding ring."

"And her Christian name is —"

"Josephine. But then we always call

her Miss Cable, and our old woman calls her Cable."

"She has never said a word to you of her family?"

"Not a word. Better not, I suspect. I don't fancy there's anything very high about it. Judging by her manners, I should say she was — excuse my saying it — a low lot."

"Nor whence she comes?"

"Mum as a mummy — excuse the joke. I am said to be witty. Humor runs in the Polkinghorn blood."

"Nor what brought her to take service?"

"Necessity — of course. No lady would so demean herself unless forced. Will you take a glass of ale with me?"

"With pleasure," answered Cable; "and I'll ask you not to mention my name at your place — not to the young lady you speak of."

"I understand," said Mr. Polkinghorn with a wink, and a tap of his nose with his finger. "Poor relations are nuisances; they come a-sucking and a-sponging, and are a drag on a man who is making his way. No, sir, I'll not say a word. May I ask if she is a relative?"

"I have not seen her. I cannot say."

"Does the name Josephine run in the family, as John Thomas does in that of Polkinghorn?"

"We never had one baptized by that name."

"I myself," said the footman, "intend to marry some day, so as to perpetuate John Thomas. I'm not sure that I may not take Miss Raffles. I won't deny that I had a tenderness towards the Cable at first; she is good-looking, has fine eyes, splendid hair; a brunette, you understand, with olive skin, and such a figure! But I could not stand the want of polish and ease which go with the true lady, and that she will never get among us."

Richard left the room abruptly. He was greatly moved, partly with surprise at finding Josephine in such a position, partly with anger at the insolence of the footman.

This latter looked after him contemptuously. "Well, Mrs. Stokes," he said, "I've only come on two Cables in the course of my experience, and, dash me, if there be not a twist in them both."

Richard went forth, and did not return to the inn till late. He walked by the river. He was disturbed in mind. Mr. Sellwood had told him nothing of Josephine's plan of going into service; he had not felt himself authorized to do this; and

at the time he saw Cable, he doubted whether Josephine's resolution might not be overcome. All that Cable knew was that she had surrendered the estate and left the Hall. She was proud, and would have nothing to do with a property that came to her, as she concluded, unjustly; and he was proud, he would accept no property that was offered to him by her. But that she had been so reduced in circumstances by this voluntary surrender as to oblige her to earn her bread by menial work, seemed to him impossible. Her father was a man of some fortune. It was not possible that he would consent to her leaving him for such a purpose. Yet, how else could he account for Josephine's being at Bewdley Manor in the capacity represented? There was a mistake. This could not be Josephine. Some one else was in the house who had assumed her name. He could not be satisfied till he had seen her. But he would not allow himself to be seen by her. He hobbled along the river path, leaning on his stick, racking his brain over the questions that arose, seeking solutions which always escaped him. To whom at Hanford could he apply for information concerning the affairs and movements of his wife? There was no one but Mr. Sellwood, and to him he would not write. His brother-in-law Jonas Flinders was dead, and he shrank from corresponding on the subject with any of his old mates.

Then he suddenly burst into a bitter laugh. Was this his Josephine, this servant girl, whom the vulgar flunky, and with him her fellow-servants, despised as not up to their level, wanting in style — a low lot? Josephine, who had scorned his lack of breeding, was herself looked down on by the ignoble tribe of pariahs on civilization! It was a just judgment on her. How she must toss and writhe, what agonies of rage and humiliation she must endure in such association! "A low lot!" shouted Cable, slashing at the bulrush heads on the bank, and laughing savagely — "a low lot!" But then a gentler feeling came over him, a wave of his old kindness and pity, so long suppressed or beaten back. He saw his haughty, splendid, wilful Josephine surrounded by these common-minded, swaggering, vain, unintelligent, and debased creatures — alone, cold, stern, eating out her heart rather than show her disgust and shame. If it had been misery to him to be transferred to a condition of life above him to which he was unfitted, it must be misery to her to be flung down into a sphere to her infi-



nately distasteful and repellent. He was a man who could hold his own, or retire with dignity. She was a girl, helpless. His heart began to flutter, and he turned his steps into the path by a wicket gate. The evening was still, the sky clear. The great trees stood against the silver-gray sky as blots. The dew was falling heavily; the grass was charged with water. He might as well have been wading in a stream as walking through it. So heavily was the dew falling, that the leaves of the trees were laden with the moisture, and bowed under the weight, and dripped as with rain. The glow-worms shone in the damp banks and among the grass under the tree-trunks. The stars were twinkling in the sky, looking golden in contrast with the bluish light of the glow-worms; an auroral haze hung over the set sun, fringed with a faint tinge of ruddy brown before it died into the deep gray blue of the night sky.

He drew near to the house, and a watchdog in the back court began to bark. It had heard his steps on the gravel of the drive. Richard stepped off the carriage-way upon the turf and remained still. The dog, hearing no further noise, presently desisted from barking. Then Richard moved on through the grass till he came where he could see the front of Bewdley Manor-house. Three tall windows were lighted, one somewhat brilliantly, the next less so, the third least of all. It was clear that all three belonged to one room, perhaps a drawing-room, and that the lamp that illumined it was at one end. The window which was at the further end was half open, the blind was drawn up, and Richard could make out gilt frames to large pictures on a dark wall. He stood, looking at the three windows, wondering whether a shadow would pass, and by the shadow he could tell who it was that passed. Did he desire to see Josephine again? He shrank from so doing; but he was uneasy at the thought that she was in this great house, a servant, with fellows like Polkinghorn about her. As he stood thus, looking up, he heard the notes of a piano issue from the open window. The first chords that were struck made him start and a shiver pass through his limbs. Then he heard a clear voice, rich and sweet, sing:—

O wie wogt es sich schön auf der Fluth,  
Wenn die müde Welle im Schlummer ruht.

It was the familiar song from "Oberon." When Richard heard this, he put his hands to his ears to shut out the sound,

and ran as hard as he could run with his faulty thigh along the road, and the dog heard his retreating steps and barked furiously. Cable heeded nothing, but ran on with the sweat breaking out on his brow and dripping from his face, as it had dripped on that night when he ran to Brentwood Hall, and as now the dew was dripping from the leaves of the trees in the park. Only when he reached the river bank outside the park gate, away from the sight of the house and the sound of the song, did he halt and strike his stick angrily, passionately, into the oozy soil, and cry out, half sobbingly, half savagely: "A low lot! A low lot!"

From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### HOMER THE BOTANIST.

THERE are certain low-lying districts in southern Spain where the branched lily, or king's spear, blooms in such profusion that whole acres, seen from a distance towards the end of March, show as if densely strewn with new-fallen snow. Just such in aspect must have been the abode of the Odyssean dead. There, along boundless asphodel plains, Ulysses watched Orion, a spectral huntsman pursuing spectral game; there Agamemnon denounced the treachery of Clytemnestra; there Ajax still nursed his wrath at the award of the Argive kings; there Achilles gnawed a shadowy heart in longing, on any terms, for action and the upper air; thither Hermes conducted the delinquent souls of the suitors of Penelope. A tranquil dwelling-place; where the stagnant air of apathy was stirred only by sighs of inane regret.

Homer's asphodel grows only in the under world, yet it is no mythical plant. It can be quite clearly identified with the *Asphodelus ramosus*,\* now extensively used in Algeria for the manufacture of alcohol, and cultivated in our gardens for the sake of its tall spikes of beautiful flowers, pure white within and purple-streaked without along each of the six petals uniting at the base to form a deeply indented starry corolla. The continual visits of pilfering bees attest a goodly store of honey; while the perfume spread over the northern shores of the Gulf of Corinth by the abundant growth of aspho-

\* The daffodil has no other connection with the asphodel than having unaccountably appropriated its name, through the old French *affodille*. It is a kind of narcissus, while the asphodel belongs to the lily tribe.

del was said to have given their name, in some far-off century, to the Ozolians of Locris.

Introduced into England about 1551, it was succeeded, after forty-five years, by the yellow asphodel (*Asphodelus luteus*), of which already in 1633 Gerard in his "Herbal" reports "great plenty in our London gardens." Hence Pope's familiarity with this kind and his consequent matter-of-course identification of it with the classical flower in the lines, —

By those happy souls who dwell  
On yellow meads of asphodel:

wherein he has entirely missed what may with some reason be called the local coloring of Hades.

In order to explain the lugubrious associations of the branched asphodel, we must go back to an early stage of thought regarding the condition of the dead.

Instinctively man assumes that his existence will, in some form, be continued beyond the grave. Only a few of the most degraded savages, or a handful of the most enlightened septs, accept death with stolid indifference as an absolute end. The almost universally prevalent belief is that it is a change, not a close. Humanity, as a whole, never has admitted and never can apostatize from its innate convictions by admitting that its destiny is mere blank corruption. Apart from the body, however, life can indeed be conceived, but cannot be imagined; since imagination works only with familiar materials. Recourse was then inevitably had to the expedient of representing the under world as a shadowy reflection of the upper. Disembodied spirits were supposed to feel the same needs, to cherish the same desires, as when clothed in the flesh; but they were helpless to supply the first or to gratify the second. Their opulence or misery in their new abode depended solely upon the pitying care of those who survived them. This mode of thinking explains the savage rites of sacrifice attendant upon primitive funeral ceremonies; it converted the tombs of ancient kings into the treasure houses of modern archaeologists; and it suggested a system of commissariat for the dead, traces of which still linger in many parts of the world.

Here we find the clue we are in search of. It is afforded by the simple precautions adopted by unsophisticated people against famine in the realm of death. Amongst the early Greeks, the roots of the branched lily were a familiar article of diet. The asphodel has even been called

the potato of antiquity. It indeed surpassed the potato in fecundity, though falling far below it in nutritive qualities. Pliny, in his natural history, states that about eighty tubers, each the size of an average turnip, were often the produce of a single plant; and the French botanist, Charles de l'Ecluse, travelling across Portugal in 1564-5, saw the plough disclose fully two hundred attached to the same stalk, and together weighing, he estimated, some fifty pounds. Moreover, the tubers so plentifully developed are extremely rich in starch and sugar, so that the poorer sort, who possessed no flocks or herds to supply their table with fat pork, loins of young oxen, roasted goats' tripe, or similar carnal delicacies, were glad to fall back upon the frugal fare of mallow and asphodel lauded by Hesiod. Theophrastus tells us that the roasted stalk, as well as the seed, of the asphodel served for food; but chiefly its roots, which, bruised up with figs, were in extensive use. Pliny seems to prefer them cooked in hot ashes, and eaten with salt and oil; but it may be doubted whether he spoke from personal experience.

Their consumption, however, was recommended by the example of Pythagoras, and was said to have helped to lengthen out the fabulous years of Epimenides. Yet, such illustrious examples notwithstanding, the degenerate stomachs of more recent times have succeeded ill in accommodating themselves to such spare sustenance. When about the middle of last century the Abate Alberto Fortis was travelling in Dalmatia, he found inhabitants of the village of Bossiglina, near Traù, so poor as to be reduced to make their bread of bruised asphodel roots, which proving but an indifferent staff of life, digestive troubles and general debility ensued. This is the last recorded experiment of the kind. The needs of the human economy are far better, more widely, and almost as cheaply subserved by the tuber brought by Raleigh from Virginia. The plant of Proserpine is left for Apulian sheep to graze upon.

Asphodel roots, accordingly, rank with acorns as a prehistoric, but now discarded article of human food. They were, it is likely, freely consumed by the earliest inhabitants of Greece, before the cultivation of cereals had been introduced from the East. There is little fear of error in assuming that the later Achaian immigrants found them already consecrated by traditional usage to the sustenance of the dead. Perhaps because the immemorial antiquity

of their dietary employment imparted to them an idea of sacredness; or, possibly, because the slowness of the nourishment they afforded was judged suitable to the maintenance of the unsubstantial life of ghosts. At any rate, the custom became firmly established of planting graves with asphodel, with a view to making provision for their silent and helpless, yet still needy inmates. With changed associations the custom still exists in Greece, and, very remarkably, has been found to prevail in Japan, where a species of asphodel is stated to be cultivated in cemeteries, and placed, blooming in pots, on gravestones. We can scarcely doubt that the same train of thought, here as in Greece, originally prompted its selection for sepulchral uses. Unquestionably some of the natives of the Congo district plant manioc on the graves of their dead, with no other than a provisioning design.\* The same may be said of the cultivation of certain fruit trees in the burying-grounds of the South Sea Islanders. One of these is the *Cratava religiosa*, bearing an insipid but eatable fruit, and held sacred in Otaheite under the name of "Purataruru." The *Terminalia glabrata* fills (or filled a century ago) an analogous position in the Society Islands. It yields a nut resembling an almond, doubtless regarded as acceptable to phantasmal palates.

We now see quite clearly why the Homeric shades dwell in meadows of asphodel. These were, in the fundamental conception, their harvest fields. From them, in some unexplained subsensual way, the attenuated nutriment they might require must have been derived. But this primitive idea does not seem to have been explicitly present to the poet's mind. It had been already, we can infer, to a great extent lost sight of before his time. It was enough for him that the plant was popularly associated with the dusky regions out of sight of the sun. He did not stop to ask why, his business being to see, and to sing of what he saw, not to reason. He accordingly made his Hades to bloom for all time with the tall white flowers of the king's spear, and so perpetuated a connection he was not concerned to explain.

Homer cannot be said to have attained to any real conception of the immortality of the soul. The shade which flitted to subterranean spaces when the breath left the body, resembled an animal principle of life rather than a true spiritual essence.

Disinherited, exiled from its proper abode, without function, sense, or memory, it survived, a vaporous image, a mere cast-away residuum of what once had been a man. Teiresias, the Theban soothsayer, alone, by special privilege of Persephone, retained the use of reason; the rest were vain appearances, escaping annihilation by a scarcely perceptible distinction. No wonder that life should have been darkened by the prospect of such a destiny—or worse. For there were, in the Homeric world to come, awful possibilities of torment, though none of blessedness. Deep down in Tartarus, those who had sinned against the gods—Sisyphus, Ixion, Tantalus—were condemned to tremendous, because unending punishment; while the haunting sense of loss, which seems to have survived every other form of consciousness, giving no rest, nor so much as exemption from fear, pursued good and bad alike. Nowhere does the utter need of mankind for the hope brought by Christianity appear with such startling clearness as in the verses of Homer, from the contrast of the vivid pictures of life they present with the appalling background of despair upon which they are painted.

Its relation to the unseen world naturally brought to the asphodel a host of occult or imaginary qualities. Of true medicinal properties it may be said to be devoid, and it accordingly finds no place in the modern pharmacopœia. Anciently, however, it was known, from its manifold powers, as the "heroic" herb. It was sovereign against witchcraft, and was planted outside the gates of villas and farmhouses to ward off malefic influences. It restored the wasted strength of the consumptive; it was an antidote to the venom of serpents and scorpions; it entered as an ingredient into love-potions, and was sovereign against evil spirits; children round whose necks it was hung cut their teeth without pain, and the terrors of the night flew from its presence. Briefly, its faculties were those of (in Zoroastrian phraseology) a "smiter of fiends;" yet from it we moderns distil alcohol.

And sweet is moly, but his root is ill,

wrote Spenser in one of his sonnets. But it may be doubted whether he would have committed himself to this sentiment had he realized that the gift of Hermes was neither more nor less than a clove of garlic.

Ulysses, approaching the house of Circe

\* Unger, Die Pflanze als Todtenschmuck, p. 23.

in search of his companions (already, as he found out later, transformed into swine), was met on the road by the crafty son of Maia, and by him forewarned and forearmed against the wiles of the enchantress. Skilled in drugs as she was, a more potent herb than any known to her had been procured by the messenger of the gods. "Therewith," the hero continued in his narrative to the Phæacian king, "the slayer of Argos gave me the plant that he had plucked from the ground, and he showed me the nature thereof. It was black at the root, but the flower was like to milk. The gods call it moly, but it is hard for mortal men to dig; howbeit, with the gods all things are possible." It is thus evident that the Homeric moly is compounded of two elements—a botanical, so to speak, and a mythological. A substratum of fact has received an embellishment of fable. Before the mind's eye of the poet, when he described the white flowers and black root of the vegetable snatched from the reluctant earth by Hermes, was a specific plant, which he chose to associate, or which had already become associated, with floating legendary lore, widely and anciently diffused among our race. The identification of that plant has often been attempted, and not unsuccessfully.

The earliest record of such an effort is contained in Theophrastus's "History of Plants." He there asserts the moly of the Odyssey to have been a kind of garlic (*Allium nigrum*, according to Sprengel), growing on Mount Cyllene in Arcadia, and of supreme efficacy as an antidote to poisons; but he, unlike Homer, adds that there is no difficulty in plucking it. We shall see presently that this difficulty was purely mythical. The language of Theophrastus suggests that the association of moly with the Arcadian garlic was traditional in his time; and the tradition has been perpetuated in the modern Greek name *molyza*, of a member of the same family.

John Gerard, in his "Herbal," calls moly (of which he enumerates several species) the "sorcerer's garlic," and describes as follows the Theophrastian, assumed as identical with the epic, kind.

Homer's moly hath very thick leaves, broad toward the bottom, sharp at the point, and hollowed like a trough or gutter, in the bosom of which leaves near unto the bottom cometh forth a certain round bulb or ball of a green color; which being ripe and set in the ground, groweth and becometh a fair plant, such as is the mother. Among those leaves riseth up a

naked, smooth, thick stalk of two cubits high, as strong as is a small walking-staff. At the top of the stalk standeth a bundle of fair whitish flowers, dashed over with a wash of purple color, smelling like the flowers of onions. When they be ripe there appeareth a black seed wrapt in a white skin or husk. The root is great and bulbous, covered with a blackish skin on the outside, and white within, and of the bigness of a great onion.

So much for the question in its matter-of-fact aspect. We may now look at it from its fabulous side.

And first, it is to be remembered that moly was not a charm, but a countercharm. Its powers were defensive, and presupposed an attack. It was as a shield against the thrust of a spear. Now if any clear notion could be attained regarding the kind of weapon of which it had efficacy thus to blunt the point, we should be perceptibly nearer to its individualization. But we are only told that the magic draught of Circe contained pernicious drugs. The poet either did not know, or did not care to tell more.

There is, however, a plant round which a crowd of strange beliefs gathered from the earliest times. This is the *Atropa mandragora*, or mandrake, probably identical with the *dudaim* of Scripture, and called by classical writers *Circea*, from its supposed potency in philtres. The rude resemblance of its bifurcated root to the lower half of the human frame started its career as an object of credulity and an instrument of imposture. It was held to be animated with a life transcending the obscure vitality of ordinary vegetable existence, and occult powers of the most remarkable kind were attributed to it. The little images formed of the mandrake-root, consulted as oracles in Germany under the name of *Arunen*, and imported with great commercial success into this country during the reign of Henry the Eighth, were credited with the power of multiplying money left in their charge, and generally of bringing luck to their possessors, especially when their original seat had been at the foot of a gallows, and their first vesture a fragment of a winding-sheet. But privilege, as usual, was here also fraught with peril. The operation of uprooting a mandrake was a critical one, formidable consequences ensuing upon its clumsy or negligent execution. These were only to be averted by a strict observance of forms prescribed by the wisdom of a very high antiquity. According to Pliny, three circles were to be drawn round the plant with a sword, within which

the digger stood, facing west. This position had to be combined, as best it might, with an approach from the windward side, upon his uncanny prey. Through the pages of Josephus the device gained its earliest publicity of employing a dog to receive the death penalty, attendant, in his belief, on eradication. It was widely adopted, and by mediæval sagacity fortified with the additional prescriptions that the canine victim should be black without a white hair, that the deed should be done before dawn on a Friday, and that the ears of the doer should be carefully stuffed with cotton-wool. For, at the instant of leaving its parent earth, a fearful sound, which no mortal might hear and sanely survive, issued from the upturn root. This superstition found a familiar place in English literature down to the seventeenth century.

Thus Suffolk, alleging the futility of bad language in apology for the backwardness in its use with which he has just been reproached by the gentle queen of Henry the Sixth, exclaims, —

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,  
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.

And poor Juliet enumerates among the horrors of the charnel-house, —

Shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
That living mortals hearing them, run mad.

The persuasion was, moreover, included amongst the "vulgar errors" gravely combed by Sir Thomas Browne.

Mandragora, then, is the most ancient and the most widely famous of all magic herbs; and the old conjecture is at least a plausible one that from its exclusive possession were derived the evil powers of the daughter of Perse.

Moly, on the other hand, must be sought for amongst the herbaceous antidotes of fable. Perhaps the best known of these is the plant so repugnant to the fine senses of Horace, and smelling abominably in the nostrils of the gallants of the Elizabethan epoch. The name of garlic in Sanskrit signifies "slayer of monsters." It was invoked as a divinity in ancient Egypt. The Eddic valkyr, Sigurdrifa, sang of its unassailable virtue. As a sure preservative from witchcraft it was, by mediæval Teutons, infused in the drink of cattle and horses, hung up in lonely shepherds' huts, and buried under thresholds.

It was laid on beds against nightmare; it cured the poisoned bites of reptiles; it was eaten to avert the evil effects of digging hellebore; while, in Cuba, immunity from jaundice was secured by wearing, during thirteen days, a collar consisting of thirteen cloves of garlic, and throwing it away at a cross-road, without looking behind, at midnight on the expiration of that term. All the properties of this savory root, it may be remarked, are beneficent, whereas all those of the mandrake (regarded as an herb, not as an idol) are maleficent. Later folk-lore, however, has not brought them into direct competition. Each is thought of as supreme in its own line. Only in the *Odyssey* (on the supposition here adopted) they were permitted to meet, with the result of signal defeat for the powers of evil.

Thus we see that the identification of moly with garlic is countenanced by whatever scraps of botanical evidence are at hand, fortified by a constant local tradition, no less than by the fantastic prescriptions of superstitious popular observance. The difficulty or peril of uprooting, which made the prophylactic plant obtained by Hermes all but unattainable to mortals, is a common feature in vegetable mythology. It figures as the price to be paid for something rarely precious, enhancing its value and at the same time affixing a scarce tolerable penalty to its possession. It belonged, for instance, in varying degrees, to hellebore and mistletoe, as well as to mandragora. With the last it most likely originated, and from it was transferred by Homer, in the exercise of his poetical license, to moly.

From the adventure in the *Ææan* isle, as from so many others, Ulysses comes out unscathed. The leading motive of his character is found in his multiform experience. He is appointed to see and to suffer all that comes within the scope of Greek humanity. No experience, however perilous, is spared him. Protection from the extremity of evil must and does content him. For his keen curiosity falls in with the design of his celestial patroness, in urging him to drink to the dregs the costly draught of the knowledge of good and evil. Yet it is to be noted that from the house of the enchantress there is no exit save through the gates of hell.

Within the spacious confines of the universe there is perhaps but one race of beings whose implanted instincts and whose visible destiny are irreconcilably at war. Man is born to suffer; but suffering has always for him the poignancy of sur-



prise. The long record of multiform tribulation which he calls his history, has been moulded, throughout its many vicissitudes, by a keen and ceaseless struggle for enjoyment. Each man and woman born into the world looks afresh round the horizon of life for pleasure, and meets instead the ever fresh outrage of pain. Our planet is peopled with souls disinherited of what they still feel to be an inalienable heritage of happiness. No wonder, then, that quack medicines for the cure of the ills of life, should always have been popular. Of such nostrums, the famous Homeric drug nepenthes is an early example, and may serve for a type.

We read in the *Odyssey* that Telemachus had no sooner reached man's estate than he set out from Ithaca for Pylus and Lacedæmon, in order to seek news of his father from Nestor and Menelaus, the two most eminent survivors of the expedition against Troy. But he learned only that Ulysses had vanished from the known world. The disappointment was severe, even to tears, notwithstanding that the banquet was already spread in the radiant palace of the Spartan king. The remaining guests, including the illustrious host and hostess, caught the infection of grief, and the pleasures of the table were overclouded.

Then Helena the child of Zeus strange things  
Devised, and mixed a philter in their wine,  
Which so cures heartache and the inward  
stings,  
That men forget all sorrow wherein they  
pine.  
He who hath tasted of the draught divine  
Weeps not that day, although his mother die  
And father, or cut off before his eyne  
Brother or child beloved fall miserably,  
Hewn by the pitiless sword, he sitting silent  
by.

Drugs of such virtue did she keep in store,  
Given her by Polydamna, wife of Thôn,  
In Egypt, where the rich glebe evermore  
Yields herbs in foison, some for virtue  
known,  
Some baneful. In that climate each doth  
own  
Leech-craft beyond what mortal minds at-  
tain;  
Since of Pæonian stock their race hath  
grown.  
She the good philter mixed to charm their  
pain,  
And bade the wine outpour, and answering  
spake again.\*

Such is the story which has formed the basis of innumerable conjectures. The name of the drug administered by Helen

signifies the negation of sorrow; and we learn that it grew in Egypt, and that its administration was followed by markedly soothing effects. Let us see whither these scanty indications as to its nature will lead us.

Many of the ancients believed nepenthes to have been a kind of bugloss, the leaves of which, infused in wine, were affirmed by Dioscorides, Galen, and other authorities, to produce exhilarating effects. It is certain that in Plutarch's time the hilarity of banquets was constantly sought to be increased by this means. But this was done in avowed imitation of Helen's hospitable expedient. It was, in other words, a revival, not a survival; and possesses for us, consequently, none of the instructiveness of an unbroken tradition.

A new idea was struck out by the Roman traveller, Pietro della Valle, who visited Persia and Turkey early in the seventeenth century. He suspects the true nepenthean draught to have been coffee. From Egypt, according to the antique narrative, it was brought by Helen; and by way of Egypt the best Mocha reached Constantinople, where it served to recreate the spirits, and pass the heavy hours of the subjects of Achmet. Of this hypothesis we may say, in the phrase of Sir Thomas Browne, that it is "false below confute." The next, that of honest Petrus la Seine, has even less to recommend it. His erudite conclusion was that in nepenthes the long-sought *aurum potabile*, the illusory ornament of the Paracelsian pharmacopœia, made its first historical appearance. Egypt, he argued, was the birthplace of chemistry, and the great chemical desideratum from the earliest times had been the production of a drinkable solution of the most perfect among metals. Nay, its supreme worth had lent its true motive to the famous Argonautic expedition, which had been fitted out for the purpose of securing, not a golden fleece in the literal sense, but a parchment upon which the invaluable recipe was inscribed. The virtues of the elixir were regarded by the learned dissertator as superior to proof or discussion, in which exalted position we willingly leave them.

More enthusiastic than critical, Madame Dacier looked at the subject from a point of view taken up, many centuries earlier, by Plutarch. Nepenthes, according to both these authorities, had no real existence. The effects ascribed to it were merely a figurative way of expressing the charms of Helen's conversation.

\* *Odyssey*, iv. 219-232, Worsley's translation.

But this was to endow the poet with a subtlety which he was very far from possessing. Simple and direct in thought, he invariably took the shortest way open to him in expression; and circuitous routes of interpretation will invariably lead astray from his meaning. It is clear accordingly that a real drug, of Egyptian origin, was supposed to have soothed and restored appetite to the guests of Menelaus—a drug quite possibly known to Homer only by the rumor of its qualities, which he ingeniously turned to account for the purposes of his story. Now, since those qualities were undoubtedly narcotic, the field of our choice is a narrow one. We have only to inquire whether any, and, if so, what, preparations of the kind were anciently in use by the inhabitants of the Nile valley.

Unfortunately our information does not go very far back. A certain professor of botany from Padua, however, named Prosper Alpinus, has left a remarkable account of his personal observations on the point towards the close of the sixteenth century. The vulgar pleasures of intoxication appear to have been (as was fitting in a Mohammedan country) little in request; among all classes their place was taken by the raptures of solacing dreams and delightful visions artificially produced. The means employed for the purpose were threefold. There was first an electuary of unknown composition imported from India called *bernavi*. But this may at once be put aside, since the "medicine for a mind diseased" given by Polydamna to Helen, was, as we have seen, derived from a home-grown Egyptian herb. There remain of the three soothing drugs mentioned by Alpinus, hemp and opium. Each was extensively consumed; and the practice of employing each as a road to pleasurable sensations was already, in 1580, of immemorial antiquity. One of them was almost certainly the true Homeric nepenthes. We have only to decide which.

The first, as being the cheaper form of indulgence, was mainly resorted to, our Paduan informant tells us, amongst the lower classes. From the leaves of the herb *Cannabis sativa* was prepared a powder known as *assis*, made up into boluses and swallowed, with the result of inducing a lethargic state of dreamy beatitude. *Assis* was fundamentally the same with the Indian *bhanga*, the Arabic *hashish*—one of the mainstays of Oriental sensual pleasure.

The earliest mention of hemp is by

Herodotus. He states that it grew in the country of the Scythians, that from its fibres garments closely resembling linen in texture were woven in Thrace, and that the fumes from its burning seeds furnished the nomad inhabitants of what is now southern Russia with vapor baths, serving them as a substitute for washing. Marked intoxicating effects attended this original method of ablution.

In China, from the beginning of the third century of our era, if not earlier, a preparation of hemp was used (it was said, with perfect success) as an anæsthetic; and it is mentioned as a remedy under the name of *b'hanga*, in Hindu medical works of probably still earlier date. Its identity with nepenthes was first suggested in 1839, and has since been generally acquiesced in. But there are two objections.

The practice of eating or smoking hemp, for the sake of its exalting effects upon consciousness, appears to have originated on the slopes of the Himalayas, to have spread thence to Persia, and to have been transmitted farther west by Arab agency. It was not, then, primitively an Egyptian custom, and was assuredly unknown to the wife of Thôn. Moreover, hemp is not indigenous on the banks of the Nile. It came thither as an immigrant, most probably long after the building of the latest pyramid. Herodotus includes no mention of it in his curious and particular account of the country; and, which is still more significant, no relic of its textile use survives. Not a hempen fibre has ever been found in any of the innumerable mummy-cases examined by learned Europeans. The ancient Egyptians, it may then be concluded, were unacquainted with this plant, and we must look elsewhere for the chief ingredient of the comfort-bringing draught distributed by the daughter of Zeus.

There is only opium left. If the case for identity fail here, nothing remains but to throw up the brief. But so extreme a measure is happily not needed. No serious discrepancy starts up to shake our belief that we have indeed reached the truth. All the circumstances correspond to admiration; the identification runs "on all fours." The physical effects indicated agree perfectly with those resulting from a sparing use of opium. They tend to just so much elevation of spirits as would impart a roseate tinge to the landscape of life. The intellect remains unclouded and serene. The Nemesis of indulgence, however moderate, is still behind the scenes.

The exhibition of a soporific effect has even been seriously thought to have been designed by the poet, in the proposal of Telemachus to retire to rest shortly after the nepenthean cup has gone round; but so bald a piece of realism can scarcely have entered into the contemplation of an artist of such consummate skill.

For ages past, Thebes in Egypt has witnessed the production of opium from the expressed juice of poppy-heads. Six centuries ago, the substance was known in western Europe as *Opium Thebaicum*, or the "Theban tincture." Prosper Alpinus states that the whole of Egypt was supplied, at the epoch of his visit, from Sajeth, on the site of the ancient hundred-gated city. And since a large proportion of the upper classes were undisguised opium-eaters, the demand must have been considerable. Now it was precisely in Thebes that Helen, according to Diodorus, received the sorrow-soothing drug from her Egyptian hostess; while the women of Thebes, and they only, still in his time preserved the secret of its qualities and preparation. Can we doubt that the ancient nepenthes was in truth no other than the mediæval Theban tincture? Even stripping from the statement of Diodorus all historical value, its legendary significance remains. It proves, beyond question, the existence of a tradition localizing the gift of Polydamna in a spot noted, from the date of the earliest authentic information on the subject, for the production of a modern equivalent. The inference seems irresistible that the two were one, and that, as De Quincey said, Homer is rightly reputed to have known the virtues of opium.

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From Murray's Magazine.  
SOME ODD NUMBERS.

THREE or four papers, yellow and musty with age and tattered with much handling, lie before me, about the size and shape of the *Family Herald*; they are stitched together with a thing no longer seen in ladies' hands in these degenerate days, but familiar and even symbolic to the eyes of our grandfathers — crimson purse-silk. This silk, as well as the curious faint odor, laden, as it were, with the pathos of the past, which bygone years impart to paper, and the yellow hue of the once snowy pages, as much as the date on the title-page of more than half a century ago, carries the imagination swiftly over that black

chasm of time to an England very different from the England of to-day, yet intimately and nearly connected with it.

The days when our grandsires were young have a tender sunshine of their own, for after all they belong to us, and so do those when our grandchildren shall be old; the touch of kindred hands links our lives, as in an electric circuit, with the years in which we have no actual being. There is a certain pleasure in dwelling upon that near past akin to the pleasure Leigh Hunt found in the cocked hat and "drowsy charm" of the bellman: "for," says he, "as long as the bellman is alive *one's grandfather does not seem dead.*" Those italics, which are not Leigh Hunt's, emphasize one of his characteristically suggestive phrases; in those few words he reminds us of the safe feeling youth experiences, doubly fenced by two generations from that inevitable brink, over which nature shrinks from passing. A time comes when the front rank falls, and the third generation ahead of us is cut down almost at one sweep, as it seems, of the scythe; one's grandfather is veritably dead, and one begins to realize the passage of the years. And then, after we are well accustomed to the fact of having done with youth and all its perturbations, the terrible scythe makes a closer sweep, and the next rank, the last barrier before us, falls; the kind faces which looked on our youth, and the kind arms which cherished it disappear, and we stand defenceless, and exposed to the blast with nothing between us and the shadow-veiled verge. At this time grey hairs increase rapidly, and those who can, look back and rejoice in the fresh ranks springing up behind them in the eternal procession. All this the italicized phrase suggests, and more besides.

And it is from these very papers lying here musty and tattered, that this present phrase was disinterred — from some odd numbers of *Leigh Hunt's London Journal* during the winter of 1834-5, rescued just in time from the clutch of the all-destroying housemaid, about to kindle the family hearth with them.

Three halfpence is the modest price demanded for the weekly eight pages of closely but clearly printed triple-columned literature (and literature it is in the least elastic sense of the term), and the editor very properly observes, in opening one number with the whole of Keats's exquisite "Eve of St. Agnes," interpolated with criticism as exquisite in its way as the poem, that "the reader should this week

give us three pearls instead of three half-pence." It is quite startling after reading one of these numbers and losing oneself in a world of thought and the atmosphere of a society so different from that of to-day, to find that the journal is printed at a certain steam-press. What, did the monster steam, that great dragon of the modern Philistine's adoration, actually co-exist with the bellman, with gentlefolk who were paternally counselled by the editor to have at least "one picture on the wall," if it were but a small engraving *pinned on* and removed when dirty? with duelling, which, we are told, "appears to be going out of fashion," and with skaiters (spelt with an *i*) exclusively of the male sex, admired by ladies who, as a matter of course, "stand shivering on the brink"? Well, after all, even in these late Victorian days ladies still remain shivering on many brinks, watching brothers and lovers disport themselves in glowing warmth.

One glance at the yellow papers reveals the chasm which yawns between our literature and that of the days of Leigh Hunt. The present is an age of writing; never before were such multitudes of pens plied, and plied so perpetually; never before were such various subjects treated by the pen; never before were so many human mouths fed by the labors of the pen; perhaps never before did such wealth and honor reward the toil of the penman—but this is not an age of literature. Cheap literature, so called, is ever, thing but literary; it is political, commercial, sectarian, sometimes scientific, often theatrical, slangy, realistic, and fashionable, but rarely literary. People are in too great a hurry nowadays to write, much less to read pure literature—*i.e.*, letters in which beauty is the first consideration—beauty of thought, style, *belles-lettres*—they do not enjoy its calm, its beauty is not of a kind to stir the senses; they all want to be rich, and when they are rich they want to be richer. But in these old days of Leigh Hunt, when people did not as yet realize that they had entered upon a revolution two years back, and before free trade had deluged the country with dubious wealth and a squalid and unwieldy population, a certain divine leisure seems to have reigned, men loved literature for its own sake, and found in it what Keats predicates of all beauty in his immortal prelude to "Endymion,"—

A sleep

Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

. . . . .

The passion poesy, glories infinite,  
Haunt us till they become a cheering light  
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast  
That, whether there be shine or gloom o'er-  
cast,

They always must be with us, or we die.

Thus people thought of literature in those sweet old days. And, paradoxical as it may seem, the feverish haste which leaves no leisure for the ethereal enjoyments of high thought and delicate fancy is quite compatible with a hunger for petty details and trifling interests, which is daily degrading our literature and narrowing our lives. We have borrowed their vices from American papers; not content with aping their slang, we report upon the domestic arrangements of poets and artists, and narrate every incident in the lives of murderers; we record the most trivial table-talk of ex-premiers, and describe the millinery of actresses; the last result of the journalism of to-day is the apotheosis of the infinitely petty.

The numerous periodicals of to-day are admirable, they are also marvellously cheap, but not the highest among them can surpass, if it can equal, in sustained literary quality, this little three-halfpenny sheet of Leigh Hunt's. And where can we find a style to equal that of the writers of those days, especially Hunt's own? Even Matthew Arnold, spite of his pedantic love of form, his exquisite taste, and his poetic genius, gives way at times to those modern phrase-coinages, which are little better than the slang which deluges our journals, floods our pulpits, disgraces our fiction, and degrades our language in almost every department of speech or writing, and our most eloquent prose-writer, after or perhaps even before De Quincey, Ruskin, frequently permits himself language which is anything but dignified, much less accurate or beautiful. Truly giants walked the earth in those days. As Keats wrote years before, in the early days of a golden period which was now drawing to its close:—

Great spirits now on earth are sojourning;  
He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,  
Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,  
Catches his freshness from Archangel's wing:  
He of the rose, the violet, the spring,  
The social smile, the chain for Freedom's  
sake,

And lo!—whose steadfastness would never  
take

A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering.  
And other spirits there are standing apart\*

\* Tennyson and Browning were then, unknown to Keats, little schoolboys, perhaps kindling their imaginations at the clear flame of his genius.

Upon the forehead of the age to come;  
 These, these will give the world another heart  
 And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum  
 Of mighty workings?—  
 Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb.

Great spirits indeed produced the magnificent flood of melody which marked the youth of this aged century, a period unparalleled in the history of English literature, unsurpassed even by

those melodious bursts which fill  
 The spacious times of great Elizabeth,

a period already in its decadence at the date of the odd numbers, yet still quickening men's pulses with the fire of its vigorous life. The grass was scarcely green on the grave of Coleridge; a greater enchanter though smaller poet than he, Scott, had been gone two years. The glorious trio of young poets, each greater in his way than any others, even than Coleridge, since Milton's day—Byron, who, spite of his tiresome egotism and affectations, surpasses every writer in the century in poetic intensity and massive splendor of verse; Shelley, whose airy music and ethereal imaginings, whose intuitive knowledge of the inmost soul of nature, have been equalled by none save Shakespeare, though his touch was lighter and the vigor of his intellect slighter than Byron's; and Keats, the beautiful, immortal youth, fated never to reach manhood, whose love of beauty and power of creating it seem the mark of a Greek rather than an English mind—had all indeed been ten years dead, though had they lived they had still been young; but the strong music of their poetry was recent and still vibrating through the atmosphere of those days. Wordsworth was then in his zenith, with Southey—who reads Southey's weak verse now? So was the patriotic Campbell, also the musical but tinselly Moore—his tinsel is now almost forgotten though his songs still charm. A host of minors then flourished, amongst them the Ettrick Shepherd, Cunningham, Milnes, Proctor, the Corn Law Rhymer, and Keble, whose strain, though thin, is exquisite in purity and grace. The tender and genial Hood, whose serious poetry is often overlooked in the dazzle of his witticisms, was then young; so was the minstrel of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," which it is now the fashion to depreciate.

Browning and Tennyson, then in the first bloom of manhood, had already made their mark; Tennyson having never surpassed some of the things he had then

produced. Carlyle, in the savage strength of his rugged manhood, was struggling fiercely for bread and fame. One odd number contains an anonymous extract from *Fraser*, the style of which stamps it unmistakably as Carlyle's. Thackeray and Dickens had yet to show what they could do. The glory of the great opium-eater's magnificent prose still shed a glamor on the literature of the day. A generation of great men, now passing, almost past, away, was then stepping to the front in its eager youth.

A work of W. S. Landor's is, scarcely reviewed, rather criticised, in the journal, partly in his own person by the genial editor, partly by transcription from the *Examiner*, and any one who loves careful criticism, rich allusion, pregnant thoughts, and good style, would enjoy reading it. These qualities distinguish nearly everything in the odd numbers, the fiction excepted. It must be confessed that in the latter department of literature this generation has made a mighty stride. Not that we have any masters of fiction among us, rather that we have honest and painstaking craftsmen, the mass of whose work surpasses that of the journeymen storytellers of fifty or sixty years ago.

Shakespeare is the theme of Mr. Landor's work. One of W. Hazlitt's characters of Shakespeare, then, the editor tells us, out of print, appears in each of these odd numbers, and Hunt seldom goes through half a column himself without some Shakespearian quotation or allusion; how these men loved Shakespeare! Perhaps that is one secret of their pure, rich style; that, and a wise love of other great masters of language to whom he is constantly referring, so deeply had they permeated his thoughts, is certainly one secret of Hunt's own charm. But in that golden pre-Victorian age, people did not study Shakespeare, and the glorious hierarchy of which he is chief, with a view to satisfying competitive examiners; youths did not get themselves stuffed with Spenser as a means to a commission in the army or a post in the civil service; they waited, like Lamb, till they had obtained the post, with its daily bread and its scrap of leisure, and then they devoted themselves, if so minded, to the study of English literature. Those not so minded sometimes devoted themselves to port wine and other pernicious joys; to-day they do that in like case after their study of literature. Another peculiarity of those days seems to have been that people studied literature first and practised it after-



wards. Then Charles Dickens arose, one of the greatest dunces who ever handled a pen, and people, encouraged by the splendor of his genius, took to practising literature first and studying it, if at all, afterwards, which is not good for literature.

How many men of letters have we today to set against that constellation of brilliant, cultured, genial men? Who shall compensate for Charles Lamb? who for Hunt himself? for the grim Titan, Carlyle? for De Quincey, Landor, Hartley Coleridge, even for Christopher North and his fellows of the "Noctes"?

Hunt thus briefly surveys the periodical literature of his day when "Keepsakes" and "Annuals" still existed. "If all our contemporaries improve as we do, what a periodical literature we shall have! . . . *Tait* and the *Monthly Repository* will blow such notes of advancement that we shall all of a sudden be living in the twenty-first century, all thriving and merry, our days cut beautifully in two betwixt work and leisure. *Fraser* will bring English orthodoxy so well acquainted with French and Irish vivacity, that all three shall be astonished at finding themselves shaking hands over Rabelais's 'Oracle of the Bottle.' The *New Monthly* shall be so very polite and *distingué*, that men shall put a leaf of it into their button-holes instead of myrtle. The *Metropolitan* shall begin a new novel once a month, and render us so jolly and maritime that, like the drinkers in the 'Naufragium Jocularé,' we shall take our room for a ship, and begin tossing the furniture out of window to lighten her. Then the orthodox *Dublin University Magazine* shall more and more delight the 'candid reader' by praising Whigs who write about forest trees and Radicals who can relish claret. . . . Mr. Loudon, with his *Architectural Gardening* and *Naturalist's Magazine*, shall build all our houses for us, plant all our gardens, and illustrate all our fields."\*

The journal has a little column of paternal advice to correspondents, but these correspondents are content to interrogate the editor upon literary, or at least intellectual subjects; they do not ask to be directed in the conduct of a love-affair, or advised in the choice of a hair-dye. Yet domestic topics are favored. Besides the article "Put up a Picture in your Room," there is one on "The Cat on the Rug;" and one in Leigh Hunt's own sunny style on Christmas, a season which Dickens

had not as yet vulgarized by his stories of good-feeding and maudlin sentiment, contains a description of a middle-class domestic Christmas in a style which Dickens might have envied. But in this article, which is rich with allusion and dainty fancy, the season is considered in a broader aspect; the waits suggest "those beautiful accounts of angels singing in the air, which inspired the seraphical strains of Handel and Corelli." "Handel's recitative of 'There were Shepherds,'" he says, "is as exquisite for simplicity as the cheek of innocence." Quoting from "Hamlet," the passage concerning the behavior of the animals on Christmas night, when "the bird of dawning singeth all night long," he observes that Shakespeare handles his theme "with a reverential tenderness, sweet as if he has spoken it hushingly." The article closes in a more solemn strain befitting the theme.

Casual reference elsewhere to the anemone occasions a dainty translation from Moschus, the Greek of which is given. How often do we stumble on a passage in Greek type nowadays? Scholarship is out of fashion, and members of Parliament no longer garnish their speeches with classic allusion and quotation, for the excellent reason that half their hearers would not understand them. Such flowers of rhetoric as "That is a lie," are occasionally employed instead.

But what most distinguishes these odd numbers from the periodicals of to-day is the manner in which they hold aloof from the press and stir of actual and especially political life; the journal scorns to be a newspaper. In our day there is a growing tendency to confuse the functions of the newspaper and the magazine; both contain literature and both news. Provided a writer has information to convey, no matter on what subject, whether he be a casual pauper, a fine lady going round the world in a yacht or on a tricycle, a nobleman traversing deserts and savage countries on foot, a discharged convict, or an American cow-boy relating his experiences, he is welcomed to the pages of the contemporary periodical. Then, again, hasty and undigested thoughts on every passing topic, whether political—indeed, especially political,—social, fashionable, religious, artistic, gastronomic, technical, appear everywhere, no matter how crude and ill-written they be, and we have even devoted journals to the malicious discussion of our neighbors' domestic affairs. Gossip has its organs, and through them diligently propagates scandal, and fulfils

\* *London Journal*, Dec. 17, 1834.

on a gigantic scale those functions formerly relegated to the tea-tables of idle and spiteful spinsters, and equally idle and virulent matrons.

But then, at the date of these odd numbers, literature stood apart from "gloomy days," and "all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways," and proved in very sooth

An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
Pouring unto us from the Heaven's brink.

In an article on "Twelfth Night," we are introduced to a street arab who sings "Shiny Night," with an occasional uproarious "Rise, Gentle Moon," or "Comin' thro' the Rye." People never know when they are blest; Mrs. Carlyle about this time also grumbles at some painter's boy, because "the creature" scraped her drawing-room door to the tune of "Love's Young Dream." Oh, sweet Arcadian age of the fourth William, when the horrors of the music-hall were yet unknown, the crass hideousness of the topical song and the dismal animal howl of the salvationeer did not pervade the atmosphere, when the very outlaws of the pavement sang melodies, however uproariously! What street boy of to-day sings "Love's Young Dream"?

It is difficult to realize that our venerable queen, who has yet to acquire the crown of silver hairs, and the tottering step of age, though she has seen her children's children to the fourth generation, was actually living in those far-off days. A well-behaved little princess (she is pictured about that date in a broad hat and long frilled trousers), she was then quietly learning her lessons, half-incredulous, perhaps, of the great destiny for which she was bidden to prepare, and little dreaming that in four brief years the splendors of England's imperial crown would blaze above her tender troubled brow.

The notices of music and the fine arts are sufficient to show us what immense progress has been made in that direction since the days of the Sailor King, and in one article Hunt speaks confidently of "when the English become a more musical people," his prophetic soul unvexed by the terror of the music-hall phantom; but he little dreamed what the development and perfecting of mechanical processes, and particularly the undiscovered craft of photography, would effect in the artistic education of England in the next sixty years.

There are some thoughtful papers on middle-class education in these odd numbers. In them Locke is brought forward

as an authority against the dangerous practice of cultivating the intellectual qualities at the expense of the moral; in them, of course, the pupil is assumed to be exclusively of the male sex. The study of the classics is assailed as a time-honored idol necessary to overthrow, not as in these degenerate days on the ground of its uselessness in practical affairs, which in plain English means money-getting, but on the far more exalted ground that the spirit of the Greek and Latin literatures is pagan, that this paganism enters into the heart of modern life and corrupts it, and accounts for the slight hold Christian morality has upon society. To determine how far this is true would furnish able thinkers with ample matter for reflection for some time. But the suggestion is worth much, and sets one pondering whether the lingering paganism of barbaric nations through the Dark and Middle Ages was so great a hindrance to the development of Christianity as the classic paganism of the Renaissance.

Before taking leave with Lamb, of the odd numbers, one more characteristic of these latter days, in some measure detrimental to good art, may be noted. It is the fierce perpetual wrestling with tremendous moral and social problems which now goes on in all thoughtful and earnest minds. Ruskin censures Kingsley's tragedy as frightful; it is frightful because it struggles with the fierceness of reality. The earth is full of darkness and cruel habitations, and a literature which turns aside from its natural vocation to battle with the ills of such a world must contain a frightful element which is prejudicial to art. But perhaps there are better things than art. At all events, we cannot always turn aside from "unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways," even though it be the special office of literature to do so, or sojourn perpetually in peaceful Edens, "full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing." Because Lamb and his contemporaries did so, their writings are so full of charm and refreshment.

No more now of the odd numbers; we may well marvel in turning from them at the amount of delicate intellectual food furnished in these few unpretending three ha'porths. If the present writer has bemoaned the inferiority of present literature and much else in comparison with that of the first thirty years of the century, such a lament may possibly prove refreshing in contrast to the jubilant self-contemplation which is the theme of every fellow-scribbler in this auspicious year of grace

1887. Perpetual praise is productive of captious peevishness, to which a good grumble is a good antidote.

M. G.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE PASSION OF THE PAST.

THE source of much of the pathos of poetry, and particularly of the self-conscious poetry of our own day, is the passionate idealization of what we once had, but have not, and cannot have any more. Herein is the virtue of all the eternal farewells and hopeless regrets of literature; and we each of us, in an abiding sense of such loss, carry about a burden of which we seldom trust ourselves to speak, but which to a great extent qualifies all we say. It is the light out of which so many pathetic colors are made, identical under so many different expressions, from Cowper's lament over his mother's picture, —

Children not thine have trod thy nursery  
floors,

to Lord Tennyson's, —

Till year by year our memory fades  
From all the circle of the hills.

But never before, I believe, has it won so distinct a recognition of its character, as apart from and beyond any special loss, as in the laureate's wonderful lines, "Tears, idle tears." Here for the first time the passion of the past finds a distinct utterance, a voice unmixed with any specific strain of lamentation. The various images presented of special losses are merely illustrations serving to introduce the "idle tears," the sorrow which is so large and vague and yet so mysteriously intense, within the circle of the imagination.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

It is not merely that we think of certain definite losses with which particular scenes may be associated. "The happy autumn fields" are not simply, as the veteran sportsman might surmise, the partridge-haunted stubble, which, in the "days that are no more," before gout and rheumatism had wrought their wicked will, he had quartered so dauntlessly. It is something much larger and deeper in our nature. It

is the old grievance symbolized in the story of Tithonus and Aurora, "immortal age beside immortal youth," our dwindling age beside the undying youth of nature. Not, mercifully, that our age is really immortal, but in imagination at least it is nothing less, for when is our own death ever adequately compassed by our imagination? Nay, even when our memory is fading "from all the circle of the hills," are we not standing by to see it fade? And so the poet apostrophizes the autumn fields as happy, because they are yet in possession of their ancient glory which has not waxed old. The golden shimmer and the fragrance and the fruitfulness are all there, although we are no longer in touch with it as once in "the days that are no more."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart  
In days far off, and with what other eyes  
I used to watch — if I be he that watch'd —  
The lucid outline forming round thee; saw  
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;  
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my  
blood  
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all  
Thy presence and thy portals.

Of course, in many lives some overmastering loss has as it were gathered about it all the passion of the past —

With bitter memories to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake.

But even here, except in certain supreme moments, it is hard to say whether the larger rhythm of sorrow does not belong to that which is gathered rather than to the special sorrow which gathers it. We love, it would seem, the past, if it be in any sense good, because it is the past. A light has fallen upon it which when present it had not; an evening light in which the scene, whilst exquisitely distinct, has somehow lost all the irksome trivialities which accompanied its actual presence. It is invested with

The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the poet's dream.

Compare, for instance, our memory of some summer wandering with any faithful diary made at the time, and we shall be able to realize something of the sort of glamour thrown by loss. Most people regard with a tender, and often with an intense regret the memory of childhood. Here for the most part there is a solid ground for the pain of loss. We have lost our innocence with all its infinite possibilities; and we may well sigh over the happiness of a time,

When yet I had not walked above  
A mile or two from my first love,  
And looking back at that short space  
Could see a glimpse of his bright face.

Moreover, we have lost almost infinite opportunities. We have seen door after door closed to us which but now was standing open; we have joined the ranks of "the old who play no more;" of those *emeriti* who would seem by long living inadvisedly to have earned the right of advising fruitlessly. But even here it is hard to say that the surplussage of actual anguish is not due to the passion of the past, that is to say to a delusion, as some will be inclined to call it. But this is hardly fair; the passion of the past is as much a phenomenon of our nature, and therefore as likely to have a truth of its own, as any other sentiment. It may be in abeyance to a great extent in some natures, who cannot afford, as they boast, the time for dreaming; who are too eagerly engaged with the coming chapters even to keep a finger in the past; but sooner or later in all probability their time will come. On the other hand it is wonderful to see how this passion will affect even quite young children, of whom their elders can scarcely understand how their tiny lives afford room enough for any past upon which to dwell with regret. Past holidays, past toys, past companionships will often affect these little beings with a solemn sense of woe not the less real because in miniature; and they will listen to the sighing of the wind at night, or to the continuous murmuring of the stream with the feeling that it is singing to them of ancient bygone times when it was all so nice, when the weather was fine, and their best friend in all the world had not departed. So the Ancient Sage:—

For oft

On me, when boy, there came what then I called,

Who knew no books and no philosophies,  
In my boy-phrase "the Passion of the Past."  
The first grey streak of earliest summer dawn,  
The last long stripe of waning crimson gloom,  
As if the late and early were but one—  
A height, a broken grange, a grove, a flower,  
Had murmurs "Lost and gone and lost and gone!"

A breath, a whisper—some divine farewell—  
Desolate sweetness—far and far away—  
What had he loved, what had he lost, the boy?

I know not and I speak of what has been.

Of all appeals to the passion of the past one of the strongest is that which belongs to revisiting an old home. There

is a fair spot in a southern county, an old home of the writer's—or rather the scene of an old home, for the home itself has vanished. It is the first home he can recollect, lost to him when still a child; and the last home he recognizes, for a schoolboy has no home in any complete sense. A large gray house it was, with purple, lichen-mottled roof and goodly lawn and gardens sloping to one of the brightest of English trout-streams, which wound its way through the deep water-meadows to an old cathedral town some two miles distant. Our life was lulled by the caressing sounds of those cathedral bells which in their varying cadences had this ever for an under tone, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end." Those who came after us for one reason or another quarrelled with the old place, which was to us as a Paradise of God. They dealt with it as it had been Thurnaby waste; the house was demolished, the shrubs and trees cut down, and the disfigured garden suffered to melt away into the surrounding fields. Any ghost of our leaving, one would think, must have been "stubb'd oot wi' the lot."

I remember that on first hearing what had taken place I felt a certain fierce satisfaction that the work had been so cleanly done. It was almost as though we had not been ousted at all, but that our home had perished with our possession of it. No more fear now of any such desecration of nursery floors by alien footsteps as Cowper lamented. One who years after saw and brought us word, reported that there was nothing to distinguish the old place from the meadows round except two or three trees yet remaining, with a statelier presence speaking of more gentle days. Hardly a shred is left us here on which to feed the passion of the past; and yet to me it has always seemed that these desolate fields must be its very sanctuary. There is the river ever whispering the story, whilst the garden trees, a knot of old retainers with uplifted hands and husky voices, bear witness that it is true.

I have not seen, and I trust I may never see, that spot. There for me, if anywhere, is the ancient well-head from which, when it is once unsealed, the Undine of the past is fain to issue, a spectral figure with agonizing hands, to kill one with a kiss. Who can fail to recognize the allegory in that story? The present, a dainty bride, would fain add to her charms "the tender grace of a day that is dead;" a few drops of that water is deemed a sovereign cosmetic—yesterday is to enhance with its

delicate half shadows the brightness of to-day; and lo, from the unsealed spring of memory rises your dead youth, or first love, or in some more vague form the passion of the past, and with a kiss that is at once more sweet and more bitter than aught else on earth, snaps the thread that binds you to the present, and you wander forth a man forlorn. This is no mere fancy; though for the most part the malady is neither fatal nor continuous, it has sent many a victim to our madhouses. It is the nympholepsy of the ancients. Men are driven to seek an escape either in leading the life of a superior sort of swine, contented not to look beyond the daily mash, or in the life of the ascetic, who both in theory and in practice recognizes that here he hath no abiding habitation, and must look for his contentment to the city that is above. Others, and they are the majority, would fain practise a wise economy of the emotions, and continue more or less painfully to sit upon two stools until the present vanishes with its need and capability of compromise. Such alternate between indifference and sensibility; they use the water of the well sparingly, and somehow no Undine emerges. But each stands on his guard against his peculiar danger. For one it is an old song, for another some pictured face, or faded letter, or lock of woman's hair.

Yet if a man be not faithful to his past I know not how he shall be faithful to his future; for in casting away his past he remains but half himself. It is the more manly and the more philosophic course to take up the burden of our past upon our own shoulders without flinching, to live with it as with something inalienably one's own. It is the basis of Christian repentance not to ignore the guilty past; it is an element of Christian hope to retain our hold upon the old good things which God has promised to renew. It is infidelity to their past which renders so repulsive certain personages of modern fiction who are supposed to have found out the secret of the elixir of life. These pass sentimentally unscathed through a succession of generations, ever hardening in the process, as they form fresh and fresh connections, until they change them as easily as their clothes.

But if human life be essentially successive, why should it complain of what belongs to succession, the continual losing of the present in the past? A river ever flowing on, as it belongs to rivers to flow, between banks ever varying in their aspect, even if it were conscious of every

image thrown successively upon its surface, could not as a river complain that they are fleeting. On the contrary we do complain as we cling passionately to that which, for the moment at least, we cannot hope to retain; and by so doing testify, as I conceive, that to live with such a successive loss of life is no essential part of our immortality. We appeal to the obstinate aspirations of the soul after life and yet more life, as an argument of immortality; we may with equal justice appeal to the passion of the past as an argument that our immortal life will not be in time but in eternity, that it will, in some sense at least, be unsuccessive.

Keats, in his "Ode on a Grecian Urn," apostrophizing its sculptured images, expresses this craving in the form of a regret in immortal lines:—

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
Forever piping songs forever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love,  
Forever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
Forever panting and forever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

At the end the poet wakes from his rapture, and, in a line I venture to think at once acute and perverse, exclaims,—

Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity.

Now it is precisely this suggestion of eternity which does not tease us, but on the contrary administers the one sedative to our passion. I know few words of more solemn beauty and stronger comfort that have come to us from the remote past, than the definition given of eternity by Boethius in the sixth century, which the schoolmen have with one accord adopted as their own: *Est interminabilis vita tota simul et perfecta possessio*; "It is the all



at once and perfect possession of life without end." In its first instance and highest perfection it is regarded as an attribute of the Divinity; but it is also attributed in its degree under the expression of *ævum* to the life of pure spirits, and of the souls of the just made perfect. It is a life in which for the first time we shall have a present we can call our own; no mere gasp between an anxious future as yet uncome and a regretful past which has come and gone. Surely of all undesirable things the most undesirable is to be forever broken on this wheel of time:—

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates  
him  
That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.

As it is not congenial to a man to be forever tossed on shipboard, and he must needs desire and look again to feel the solid earth beneath his feet, so we must desire and look for that day which "hours no more offend;" in which the freshness of morning is interwoven with the tenderness of eve; in which the past and future are merged in the creation of a steadfast present, instead of rending it asunder as between wild horses. *Flumina Babylonis sunt omnia quæ hic amantur et transiunt*, exclaims St. Augustine. *O Sanctus Sion, ubi totum stat et nihil fluit*. Then comes "Mimnermus in Church," and complains very naturally and gracefully:—

Forsooth the present we must give  
To that which cannot pass away:  
All beauteous things for which we live  
By laws of time and space decay.  
But oh! the very reason why  
I clasp them is because they die.

Have we any hope that the eternal life, *ubi totum stat*, will not only bar future loss but will restore to us what we have lost in the life that is past? To this I answer that there can be no actual repossession of a past that has actually gone; that were such repossession possible, in virtue of the *tota simul possessio*, it would in the best circumstances be intolerable. There is much in every one's past that he would not only willingly not recover, but that he would gladly not even remember. The river Lethe has a necessary place even in the Christian conception of the after world. Dante makes it flow in the highest place in Purgatory as a proximate preparation for Paradise; but by him it is described rather as a water for transforming the remembrance than as the mere water of oblivion. The past remains and is recognized, though only under the as-

pect of a prelude to the blessedness of the life that is then present; the memory of sin perseveres in that of the grace which makes it void.

In this life, hope and memory divide the field between them; in the life to come, hope and affectionate memory are merged in the joy that welcomes the old things made new: *Ecce nova facio omnia*. Winter's despair and summer's disappointment having perished, autumn and spring shall meet and bring between them a new season, neither the one nor the other but holding of both.

Should Mimnermus still persist and refuse to be comforted, I must be allowed to doubt the sincerity of his devotion to the past, daintily as he expresses himself. He clasps his dying roses with an eye to relays of fresh ones by which the charming tradition of blooming and dying may be carried on. He has, after all, been only coquetting with the passion of the past. He is not "aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm," or he would look longingly toward that Avilion,—

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard  
lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer  
sea,

Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.  
For this at least, whatever else, is the  
promise of the after life; and to this, if I  
do not mistake, the passion of the past in  
the intensity of its resentment witnesses.

I. R.

From Temple Bar.

#### A CHILD'S RECOLLECTION OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

I WAS a little girl of about seven years of age when I first recollect seeing Mr. Thackeray. We lived then in Paris (my birthplace), as my father was the Paris correspondent of several leading English newspapers. My mother's evening receptions were very popular; her *salon* was a *rendezvous* where the artistic and literary celebrities met in order to converse. Conversation was at that period almost a fine art; men and women (so I have been told, as I was far too young to judge) enjoyed *causerie*; and they knew how to talk. Amongst the many interesting people who gathered round my father and mother, none made such a vivid impression on my childish imagination as Thackeray. He

is the central figure which stands out in bold relief from the dim surroundings. I can distinctly recall the big white head, the spectacles, the rosy face, and the sweet sunny smile which positively illumined his countenance and made it almost beautiful. I grew even to love the broad broken nose, and used to wonder how a boy, at any period, could have been so wildly audacious as to punch that feature. I wondered at the softness and gentleness of his voice and manner, and why so great an author should care to come amongst us little children in such a simple friendly way. He had a formidable appearance, being over six feet, and broad in proportion. We children were like pilgrims clustering round the knees of Brobdignag. Mr. Thackeray was our favorite giant. But evidently he was not too tall or too great to take an interest in our childish games. How often has he sat amongst us, enquiring tenderly about my dolls! He remembered all their names, and had made out a genealogical tree, so that every *poupée* had a distinct history of her own.

One late afternoon, after having told us delightful stories, Mr. Thackeray remarked that he must leave us at once, he was so terribly hungry. We coaxed him to remain, and told him that we really could give him a good dinner.

"There is nothing, my dears, you can give me," he answered, with a funny little sigh; "for I could only eat the chop of a rhinoceros or a slice from an elephant."

"Yes I tan," exclaimed my three-year-old sister; we saw her disappear into a big cupboard. She emerged a few seconds after, with a look of triumph on her fat little face, holding in her hands a wooden rhinoceros and an elephant from her Noah's ark, and putting the two animals on a plate, she handed them with great gravity to Mr. Thackeray. Never can I forget the look of delight on the great man's face; how he laughed and rubbed his hands with glee; and then, taking the child up in his arms, kissed her, remarking, "Ah, little rogue, you already know the value of a kiss!"

Then he asked for a knife and fork, smacked his lips, and pretended to devour the elephant and rhinoceros.

Another time when Mr. Thackeray called we children were in bed. I was the only one not asleep. I had been listening to his pleasant voice, talking to my father and mother in the *salon*, when our bedroom door was cautiously opened, and in marched Mr. Thackeray, my mother following him, holding a candle. There

were three little iron beds all in a row; I saw him smiling at us, and then, putting his hand in his pocket, he murmured, "Now for the distribution of medals!" and chuckling, he deposited on each of our pillows a bright five-franc piece, remarking, "Precious little ones! they will think the fairies have been here."

One afternoon, as I was taking a walk with my father in the Champs Elysées, we met Mr. Thackeray, and he stopped to have a talk. Some public character was mentioned—I forget who, but evidently some one that Thackeray disliked, for he certainly poured forth a torrent of strong, scathing words. I had never seen him before look angry or speak in a vexed manner, so I was rather frightened. Whilst talking, I noticed that Mr. Thackeray's eyes wandered towards a poor, delicate woman holding in her arms a little child; she was leaning for support against a tree, and was evidently in great destitution; without making any remark, he walked up to the woman, enquired into her condition, and on learning her troubles slipped into her hand several small silver pieces.

Mr. Thackeray often made us little ones laugh heartily with his droll stories and ways. He one day spied my crinoline, which was on a chair in the nursery; he examined it carefully, and to my horror put his head through the aperture, and walked into the drawing-room with it round his neck, looking like Michael Angelo's statue of Moses.

"I am an ogre now!" he exclaimed. "Imagine, my dears, that I have a cropped red head, blue eyes, and very big *lunettes*!" And forthwith he related to us wonderful adventures, making us laugh and cry, just as he wished.

A few years later we came to live in London; my father, through no fault of his own, lost a lucrative appointment in Paris; it was a period of much anxiety; my second sister fell dangerously ill. Mr. Thackeray's goodness and kindness to us all were beyond words. He called nearly every day at our house in Thistle Grove, himself bringing delicacies of all sorts to tempt the appetite of my invalid sister. His cook, who was a *cordons-bleus*, had received orders to exert her culinary powers to their utmost, and she made the most exquisite dishes and jellies. I remember a note from Thackeray to my mother, with the words "A LAST APPEAL," written in capital letters, begging that the jellies should in the future be made with old sherry, or the best Madeira. The doctor

had ordered claret. One day Thackeray walked up to our house carrying a rug of very bright, pleasant, and cheerful colors under his arm, which he himself laid down on the floor of my sister's room, thinking it would tend to raise her spirits. With children he was always delightful; with older or with unsympathetic people he could be satirical, cold, and cynical. He one day remarked to an acquaintance in my hearing that he only liked "second-rate books, second-rate women, but first-rate wines."

Mr. Thackeray had talent for drawing, but he was never satisfied with any of his achievements. My father called upon him one morning, and found him fretting over a drawing of his own.

"Look!" he said. "Now G. (mentioning some clever draughtsman), by a few touches, throwing some light or shadow here and there, would make this a picture. How is it I know not, but I certainly cannot do it at all."

Thackeray sometimes looked worried, and I once heard him say that he suffered from mental depression.

"My number (*Cornhill*) is nearly due, and I cannot make it come!" he exclaimed, tapping his forehead. "Yes, I would like to rest my head in some quiet corner; I had a nice scene this morning, but 'tis all gone, and I cannot call to mind a bit of it now!"

My father, who was full of intellect, which Thackeray fully appreciated, was a shy, dreamy, unobtrusive man, with a great deal of pride and, perhaps, oversensitiveness. In his time of trouble Thackeray was more than a brother to him. My mother told me that when he heard for the first time of my father's pecuniary loss he was very agitated, and turning to my mother, he asked her what she was going to do.

"I mean to trust to the ravens," she answered.

An expression of pain flitted over the great man's face, but after a few seconds of silence he put his large hand over hers, and in a husky voice said, "And so you may, the ravens are kind friends."

At a large dinner it happened that my father's name was mentioned. Thackeray, who had been very silent, brightened up, and exclaimed: "When Corkran dies, he will go straight to Heaven, and all the angels will turn out and present arms to him!"

But William Makepeace Thackeray was beckoned away many years before my father was to join the great majority. His

death made a blank which has never been filled up. When great men are called away, the world at large feels their loss, and knows that their places are empty, but still have the works of their genius on which to feed, and by which they may remember them; but to those who have loved them, and met them in the easy, kindly intercourse of every-day life, who have received their love and consolations in time of sorrow, and have mingled with their tears and laughter, no one can fill for them the empty seats, and the heart goes back in longing to the days they were among us.

This is but a rough, inadequate sketch, but to those who cherish his memory, even a passing moment with such a man is worth the most precious place in one's remembrance. Thackeray was not a character to be hit off with a few broad strokes; for there lay underneath the ever-varying surface a deep fountain of tenderness, ever ready at the call of need and suffering.

His hatred of humbugs and snobs was proverbial, but he loved all that was simple and sincere.

Amongst guileless, happy children Thackeray was at his best —

Whose feet are guided thro' the land,  
Whose jest among his friends is free,  
Who takes the children on his knee,  
And winds their curls about his hand.

He plays with threads, he beats his chair  
For pastime, dreaming of the sky —  
His inner day can never die,  
His night of loss is always there.

HENRIETTE CORKRAN.

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From The Spectator.  
SOME SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SYNAGOGUE.

THAT, in the course of centuries, many strange superstitions should have taken root in the synagogue, can hardly be matter of surprise to any one acquainted even superficially with the history of mediæval rabbinism. But it is a question, for all that, whether outsiders have any idea of the odd nature of the beliefs that lie at the bottom of many Jewish rites and ceremonies. It is not too much to affirm that one-half of the ritual of the synagogue — not, be it understood, in the ignorant East, but in the communities of the cultured West — is based upon superstitions so puerile, so silly, as to provoke only the amused wonderment of rational men. For

instance, incredible though it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that the most solemn function of the Jewish Church, the sounding of the "shophar," or "ram's horn trumpet," on the New Year festival is prearranged with a view to tricking the arch-accuser, Satan,—or, in plain English, cheating the devil. The New Year is, according to Jewish belief, the day of judgment. On this day, the record of Israel's shortcomings is read before the heavenly throne; but when the sound of the sacred trumpet is heard, only the merits and sufferings of the tribes are remembered, and their transgressions are blotted out. Hence, as the festival approaches, it is an object with the arch-accuser to prevent the notes of the shophar from reaching the throne of grace, or so devout Jews allege; and to circumvent him, recourse is had to what they consider an ingenious device. For a month previously—during the whole of the month of Ellul, that is—the trumpet is blown every morning in the synagogue after the early service. Satan, on the watch, flies upwards when the first notes reach him, in order to bar the way. And this he does on each succeeding day when he hears the sound. On the last day of the month, the day preceding the New Year, the blowing of the shophar is discontinued. Satan thinks it all over, of course, and no longer listens for the objectionable tones, and the result is that the next day, which is the true Feast of Trumpets, the Jews have it all their own way, and the sound without let or hindrance reaches the seat of mercy. For nearly two thousand years, the practice of intermitting the blowing of the shophar on the eve of the New Year *L'arbib ha-Satan*—to use the explanatory phrase of the rabbins—"to puzzle Satan," has been in vogue, and the arch-accuser ought certainly to be up to the trick by this time. However, this view of the matter does not appear to have struck the modern Jews, who continue the practice with a childlike reliance on the simplicity of Satan, and the efficacy of their device for circumventing him.

This is far from being an exceptional instance of the odd beliefs that have found favor in Jewry and acceptance in the ritual of the synagogue. The ceremonial of the Jews is cram full of similar superstitions; it is impossible to turn a page of the Jewish prayer-book, or enter a Jewish house of worship, without being struck by some one or other of these survivals of old-

world faiths and fancies. Take again, for example, the belief in the significance of dreams. This has so strong a hold of the Jew, that the ritual dares not ignore it. On the five great feasts of the year—Passover, Pentecost, Tabernacles, New Year, and the Day of Atonement—the Gentile who has the curiosity to visit a synagogue will infallibly be struck by one ceremony peculiar to these solemn days. All the worshippers of priestly descent, known as "kohanim," station themselves in front of the ark of the law, cover their heads with their praying-scarves, raise their hands with the fingers spread two-and-two together—why or wherefore they do not know—and pronounce a benediction, while the congregants, with bated breath and heads averted, repeat a portion of the ritual of the day. The performance looks very imposing to the uninitiated. As a matter of fact, the worshippers are simply mumbling over an old cabalistic invocation against bad dreams, of which the most important part is the mental repetition—for the words are too sacred for actual enunciation—of some thaumaturgic names of the Creator, compounded, after the usual cabalistic fashion, of the initials of a number of words occurring in the blessing uttered by the priests. Those who think that this belief in the efficacy of cabalistic formulæ is confined to the illiterate and fanatical Jews of south-eastern Europe and Palestine, are much in error. A visit to the city of London will undeceive them; for in the side streets of Whitechapel, charms to keep off the night-witch Lilith may be bought at the not extravagant price of a penny apiece. The superstition about Lilith, to whom Adam was wedded before Eve was created, and who bore him all the demons that vexed the ancient world, is as strong to-day among the great body of believing Jews as it was four thousand years ago among their ancestors in the plains of Shinar. So great is the demand for these documents, that there is one Jewish printing-office in Great Alie Street that turns them out by the thousands,—one of the most curious products certainly of the modern printing-press. The efficacy of these documents lies in the repetition of the various aliases by which the witch Lilith is known; for a tradition of the holy "Zoar," the text book of the Kabala, tells us that when Elijah the prophet met the uncanny creature on one of her nocturnal expeditions, he contrived to draw from her the information that in whatso-

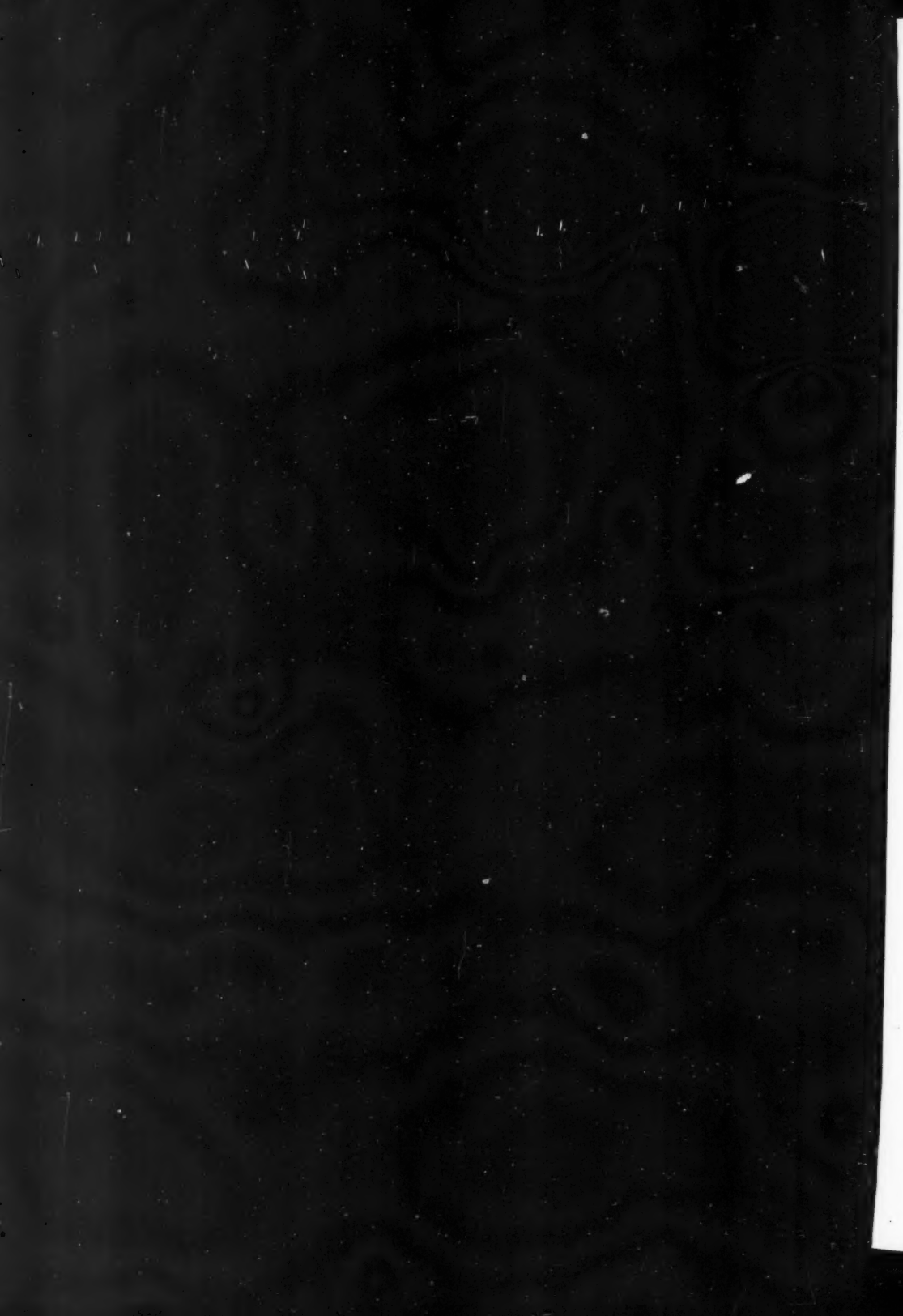
ever place the several names applied to her in the demon world were posted up, she was powerless to enter.

One of the features of the synagogue service is the repetition of a prayer known as the "kaddish," or sanctification. The prayer in itself is a perfectly unobjectionable production, attributing sanctity and honor to the Creator. Rabbinical ingenuity has, however, made it the means of perpetuating among Jews one of the grossest superstitions of crude Judaism, the belief in an actual purgatory. It was one of the early tenets of the synagogue that every soul had to pass a given time in purgatory. One of the rabbis — Akiba, if we recollect aright — fixed the term at a period not exceeding twelve months. For the pious, the term was, of course, less in proportion to their piety. Now, it became at once an object to shorten the period of purgation, and it happened that one of the most austere of the Pharisees dreamt that the recitation of the kaddish by the son of the deceased had the effect of helping his father one foot out of purgatory; it was forthwith made an institution of Judaism that for eleven months after the death of a parent, a son should publicly repeat the sanctification in synagogue as often as he could, the rapidity with which the departed got out of purgatory depending entirely upon the frequency with which the prayer was repeated. The reason eleven months was fixed upon as the limit of time for the mourner's kaddish, was due to respect for the deceased. Twelve months being the longest period for which the very wickedest was condemned to suffer, it was deemed only considerate to regard the late-lamented as not quite as bad as he might have been by an amount of wickedness equivalent to a month's confinement in purgatory. And in no part of the world is the punctual saying of the kaddish neglected. On a par with the practice, so far as the superstition that underlies it is concerned, is the custom of keeping a lighted lamp burning in the room where a death has occurred, for seven days after the burial, in order that the soul still hovering about may not feel lonesome; and the yet stranger practice of placing a loaf of bread on the body of a dead person, when for any reason it is necessary to move it on the Sabbath. It is unlawful to move a corpse on the Sabbath, but rabbinical casuistry finds nothing to urge against moving a vessel that contains a loaf of bread on that day.

Folk-lorists would find a good deal to repay them in a study of the Jewish ritual and the various rites and ceremonies of the Jewish Church. In nearly every case, these rest upon a substratum of superstition of no little interest to the collector of early myths and beliefs. And, in the case of the Jews too, some of the superstition embodied in the ritual has come to shadow the house of worship itself. The synagogue is firmly believed to be a meeting-house for the dead as well as for the living. Hence a Jew never enters an empty synagogue without knocking three times at the door, to warn the ghostly congregants within of the approach of a living person; nor would any worshipper look back over his shoulder as he leaves the house of prayer. A law peculiar to the great synagogue of Posen, in east Prussia, is said to have been published owing to the presence of a number of dead visitors there on the high festival of the year. No Jew there is allowed to cover his head with the praying-scarf, as is the custom in other places. The legend that accounts for this — whatever may be its worth — is as follows. On a certain New Year, in the days of Rabbi Eger, the congregants were engaged in their devotions with, as usual, their heads covered, when they found themselves cramped for want of room. The crush became terrible, and men could scarcely breathe, when the aged rabbi, moved by the sense of uneasiness apparent in the congregation, turned and saw there, among the living worshippers, the forms and figures of many long passed away. Instantly he called out that all who were alive should remove the praying-scarves from their heads. They did so, and only the dead remained covered. Then the rabbi adjured the souls present, in the name of the living God, to leave the place in peace, and the people to their devotions. Whereupon the dead slowly vanished; and since that time no living worshipper ever covers his head in the Posen synagogue. Whatever be the truth concerning this story, the fact remains that a Jew would no more enter a synagogue without the preliminary knocks to warn the dead of his presence, than he would leave a burial-ground without plucking a little grass and casting it over his shoulder, taking care at the same time not to look back, lest he might see the soul of the co-religionist last interred there in the shape of a fire-spark hovering over the new-made grave.







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